

THE STAR

An International Magazine



PARTIAL CONTENTS

The Door of the Eternal J. Krishnamurti

Young India C. F. Andrews

History of the Ojai Valley Mary Gray

Sunlight W. Scott Lewis

MAY, 1929

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The Star

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Editor

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*The Door of the Eternal**

By J. Krishnamurti



THE only solution for the problems of the world, the only balm that shall heal all wounds and sorrows, is the Truth, which is liberation and happiness. It is not mystical, as many people like to imagine. There is in it, as in all things, both a mystical and a practical side, and it depends on the individual whether he will twist it to suit his own particular temperament. When understood both with the heart and the mind, it will lead to the attainment of inward peace and serenity.

By solving your individual problem you will solve the problem of the world. Individuals create the world, and hence if the individual has peace within himself, he will be able to create peace, and serenity, and understanding of the Truth around him. This peace, this understanding of the struggles and vain longings and desires of the world, this immense certainty, comes into being when you have grasped the meaning of life, when you have seen and understood the goal.

As a river in a desert starts and then wanders and loses itself in the sands, so are the creations of men, who have no fixed purpose in life, who are overwhelmed by the shadow of the present. Those who would create in the shelter of the eternal, must have the understanding of their goal, the vision of Truth. Without that vision, and understanding, nothing that they create will be lasting. It will be like the perfume of a flower that passes away. Whereas, if they create with understanding in their hearts and minds, it will bear the stamp of eternity.

Truth cannot be understood purely from the intellectual point of view. There is no one who is dominated purely by intellect; nor is there anyone who guides his life purely by emotion. You cannot separate emotions and intellect and hope to understand life from the narrow, limited point of view of either by itself. The fulfilment of life is the outcome of the harmonious blending of the intellect and the emotions.

What is the difference between a savage and a civilized man? The savage—I am using the word in its literal sense—paints his body and decorates himself with feathers and beads, and uses other cumbersome methods for his external adornment. The apparently civilized man has the complications of inward beauty; he has his mental feathers, his emotional paints, his innumerable doctrinal beads. The civilized man of the world may not adorn his body in the barbarous manner of the savage, but his mind and his emotions are often savage.

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Inwardly he is but little different from the savage, only he does not show it outwardly. But the truly civilized man is beyond all decorations, beyond all complications, and does not depend for his beauty on external things because he has achieved the simplicity of life.

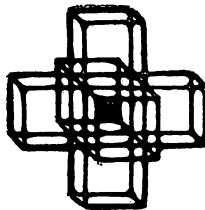
Evolution works in an ascending spiral towards the greater and greater simplicity of all things. Many people have the desire to show the way to the understanding of life, but if they have not in them simplicity, then they will create new barriers, new misunderstandings, new veils between the world and its goal.

As an elephant makes a path through the forest, and that path is thus established for others to follow, so the individual who has a comprehension of the Truth makes a path through the wilderness and confusion of the world. You cannot truly help people, however much you may long to help, if you have not yourself found that Truth which is eternal.

You all desire to open the blind eyes, to bring the prisoners out of their prison, and give light to those who sit in the darkness of their own creation. But you can only lead the blind or open their eyes to the light or bring out the prisoners from their prison of ignorance if you have really understood the Truth, if you have really attained freedom and happiness. If you only create those things that perish, and fade away as the perfume of a flower, of what value will they be to the world? There are so many who are creating in the shadow of the present; those who understand must create in the shelter of eternity. Even if they have caught but a fleeting glimpse of the Truth in a tranquil moment, they will never return to their cages of limitation.

He who has himself attained freedom, will want everyone in the world to be free. Only that individual can truly lead or help who has found peace within himself, and is certain of his own understanding of the freedom of life, not he who sits in the shadow of his own creation, or is held in bondage as a prisoner in the cage of tradition.

There are many walking towards the door of the eternal, but there are some who have passed through and so have their backs to that door. They never cast a shadow across the path of those who are still treading the way that leads to that door, because they have become one with the eternal light.



Answers to Questions

By J. Krishnamurti



QUESTION. You say that the individual problem is the world-problem. You also talk of happiness and liberation. This is interpreted by many people as a policy of inaction; the search after happiness and liberation is made a selfish object, something one must gain for oneself. Will you kindly explain if you really want people to give up their work?

Answer. If some one can make you give up your work, it is not worth doing. I know that what I have been saying is very positive, and that you cannot help truly or create understanding in another unless you have understood the purpose yourself. But most people in the world without having understanding themselves are converting, persuading others to enter their particular cage, whether it be a Hindu cage, or a theosophical cage, or any other cage. Your aim should be to make people free of all these limitations, and to attain that you must have a disinterested standard of life. The standard of life for most people depends on their personal likes and dislikes; their standard of thought and feeling is not free and impersonal. When I say the individual problem is the world-problem, I mean that until you have understood it intellectually and emotionally, you cannot help the world. You have so little understanding, and you want to spread that little understanding immediately. If you are thoughtful, if you are purposeful, if you are alive to feeling, it is then easy to find out the true meaning of life. The majority of people go about converting, working and trying to help others without knowing for themselves what the true purpose of life is, because they never search it out for themselves.

Q. You are supposed to have said that "when the World-Teacher is here, time as such ceases." Will you be good enough to explain what you mean?

A. A thoughtful person, a kindly person creates around him thoughtful and kindly people. If you are thoughtful, if you have great emotions, you will collect around yourself thoughtful and emotional people—not sentimental people. Sentimentalism and emotionalism are two different things. If you acknowledge that the World-Teacher is here, he must be thoughtful, and he is bound to create thought and feeling around him. I do not know if you have ever seen mountains in the morning. The whole valley is covered with mist. But as the

sun gradually rises, all the mists disappear and you see the clear mountains. Like the sun is the life of a thoughtful person, of a kindly person. To create thought and feeling, that is to reawaken, to bring to life that which is dormant, is the first essential thing in life.

You are the product of the past, the result of yesterday, and if you can bring the future to the present, time ceases. If you can make the present violently active and acute and realize the future in the present, then you will create around you people who have conquered time. That is what I want to do. Your mind is weary and burdened with all the complications of the past, the present, and the future which are the limitations of time. If you can perceive the future, you must act at present in the light of that future. This means that you must live in the present with such thoughtful care, with such delight, and with such anxiety, that time ceases. When you are slaves of time, it divides you from your purpose of life; then you have sorrow, and you have other complications of time, such as reincarnation, **karma**. They are only other names to bridge the distance created by time between you and the purpose of life.

Q. In your philosophy of life, what place do you give to **Shraddha**? (Sanskrit for faith, belief.)

A. First, I have no systematized philosophy of life. Philosophy is another word to cover up a multitude of misunderstandings. **Shraddha**, faith or belief is of two different kinds: one blind faith, the other faith with understanding, faith which develops purposeful ecstasy, because you have understood the purpose of life. One is thoughtful, intelligent, and purposeful; the other fickle, chaotic, and destructive. Blind faith creates confusion and superstition into which the outer world has fallen. But a faith which is based on understanding, in which you are an authority unto yourself and do not accept the authority of another, such a faith every one must possess. Blind faith creates darkness; it is as a mist that dims understanding. If you really had faith in reincarnation, you would behave differently; if you really had faith in **karma**, your actions would be different; you would treat your wives, your children, your servants differently. Blind faith is destructive and corrupts life, while faith with understanding is creative.

Q. Are not the stages of spiritual growth, opportunity, and responsibility—for example, being put on probation, accepted by the Master, or the Initiations—, facts of Nature?

A. That no two people are the same is a fact of Nature. You cannot deny evolution. But why do you pay such wasteful attention to unessential things? You have paid more attention to badges and titles than to life. I know a friend of mine who is in the Army. When he is in uniform, he sparkles with many decorations. But when he

dresses in ordinary clothes, he looks like others. Labels do not alter character, life, and feeling. I am concerned with life and character and not with labels. You have so many labels in the world, the Hindu, the Parsi, the Buddhist, the Christian, the Mohammedan, and you are only trying to add some more. Assuming that two people are different, what has that to do with life, with kindness, and consideration? Which is more important—to be decorated, or to be affectionate and kindly and thoughtful to your neighbor? I know you all shake your heads in assent, but you will not move one finger to attain these things. That is where the tragedy lies. You have been preparing for seventeen years! The essential has gone, has died. You hug to your heart the unessential as a precious jewel. You may have your steps, your gradations of spirituality, and your supposed hierarchy of thought; but if you have sorrow in your heart and confusion in your mind, you will always be weighed down under the burden of life. Ponder seriously which is more important and act, but do not merely go on as yesterday.

Q. You proclaim the Direct Path open to everyone at whatever stage of evolution he may be. Does it mean that treading the Path through the stages of Probation, etc., is no longer necessary?

A. What I am so afraid of is that you will use the expression the Direct Path, as you have used other phrases, in a meaningless way, and thus only transpose this phrase to suit your own purpose. Nothing is necessary to your understanding of life except yourself. You may worship pictures, you may worship idols, you may worship personalities, but you are always bound to come back to yourself and thereby establish the mirror of Truth. You are always wanting other people to urge you to concern yourselves with the essential. I worshipped a picture, but I had to come back to myself to find out whether I was clean of heart or keen of mind. I had to discover my own strength.

At any stage of evolution, that is the only Direct Path, which is the Path **every one** must tread. It does not matter whether you are a ceremonialist, a mystic, an occultist or anything else. You must come back to find out for yourself whether you have established the disinterested standard of life. You may worship all the pictures, perform all the rites, and invent many complicated theories, but you must come back to yourself. All your problems and difficulties arise and claim your mind, because you are interested in unessential things. From the standard of the unessentials of life you judge the standard of the essentials of life. But if you see the essential, the lasting, even though surrounded by transient things, you will find that what I am saying is not negative, you will find that there is only one direct way to attain, to free yourselves from all the burdens of desires and experience.

Q. You say there is no right and wrong, but that it is all a ques-

tion of experience. Will you kindly amplify this in relation to difficulties which many (who are otherwise good, devoted, and earnest) feel with regard to sex? What is morality according to you?

A. If you have no purpose of life for yourself which is established by careful thought, and a careful analysis of your ambitions, then there is good and evil, for you. But for a man who has established his purpose of life, there is no good and evil. But you will at once ask me, "What will happen to our world which is established on good and evil, you will create great chaos." Can there be greater chaos than there is at the present moment, when there is utter confusion? When you establish the goal, experience becomes purposeful and creative, not chaotic and destructive.

Obscurity creates misunderstanding. You are all frightened to talk about sex. You think that it is something immoral, but inside you there is a worm perverting your mind and your heart. There is nothing evil in love. It is the man who creates evil. Sex is nothing to be frightened of, or to be considered evil or base. A human mind and heart is like a house. There is the basement and the top-floor. In order to have the top-floor, you must have the basement. The top-floor is the region of pure thought and feeling, towards which you are constantly struggling, where you want to live all the time. If you want to live in the basement, life is closed, dead. The struggle towards the open air, which you unfortunately call the higher life (whatever that may mean), must begin from the basement upwards. In the basement dwells passion. Surely, you would not call your basement evil, that on which your whole foundation is built! But you can keep it clean, you can have it clear and under your control. There is nothing mysterious about it. If you desire to go to this top-floor, you must climb. Even if you want to remain in the basement, life will not let you remain there. It will create sorrow around you, and you will struggle to climb from the basement upwards. A wise man anticipates sorrow. When you are not afraid, everything is clear; when you are willing to face life, all things become simple. But when you have dark corners, you are afraid, life becomes complicated.

Q. You say Religion is not necessary, and that you are not going to build up another one. What will you do to prevent a network of organizations for performing ceremonies, priests of the new type, etc., from forming a new religion and stepping down the Truth before it reaches the multitude through their mediumship?

A. My purpose is to clear your mind and your heart. It is for you to understand or misunderstand. If you understand the purpose of life you will put away all these unessential things. If you are weak, and frightened of life, you will create new ceremonies, new religions, and new churches. Nobody is weak, if he thinks. One thoughtful man, one kindly man creates affection and thought around him.

O. You say: Understand life. Would you kindly enlighten us as to what you exactly refer to when you say "Life"? Do you mean the energy of which **all** is an expression? Life can be understood only through its manifestation. Are we to search for it through particular manifestations? If so, how? Our thoughts end in misty nothingness for lack of something more definite.

A. What is life? Your thoughts, your feelings, your wants, your desires, your cravings, your pursuit of the Self, your deceiving thoughts, your pains, and pleasures. In what is it manifested? In you. When you understand that, you will have solved everything. When you have great emotions, great thoughts, you become the center of life. Why do you want anything more? If your thought is small, petty, base, all your actions will be small, petty, and base. If your feeling of love is corrupted, wherever you go, you will create corruption. Truth is not something mysterious, hidden, far away. Truth is wherever you live.

Q. In order to attain, we must understand life, which is Truth. Therefore is it not necessary that all pictures (including your own) as objects of adoration, should be scrupulously removed from Star meetings?

A. I entirely agree. Remove them. But until you have removed them from your mind and from your heart, the need for pictures will make you have others. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to be disinterested, and to have a disinterested standard of life, to be free in life. Humanity has been struggling, generation after generation, trying to discover its freedom. Very few have succeeded in this. It is not a thing to be easily attained. People have created images, pictures, gods, ceremonies, rites, pilgrimages, priests, because their hearts and minds are not free. When you hang up a picture without understanding, you are really hypocrites. When you understand, you do not want a picture.

What I say has nothing to do with what you have been occupied with. You are talking about the scaffolding of the house, and I am concerned with the foundation of the house. If you merely look at the foundation from the scaffolding, you will never understand it. You must put aside all these things with understanding, and not because I ask you. Your manifestation of reverence to me is of no value if your actions run contrary to your manifestations, to your profession in words and pledges, and a multitude of denials and acceptances. If there were even two amongst you who really understood, we would clear the skies of the clouds that cast a shadow across the land. But you are afraid to come down from the scaffolding. You are standing on something which ultimately will perish and decay, whereas the foundations of life are eternal.

That is what I mean when I say that you must invite the future.

The present projects into the past and into the future. If you take the immediate now, there is behind you the past, and in front of you the future. You cannot disconnect the two. You are the future now and if you want to conquer that future, focus it acutely in the present. You must be conscious of your acts and thoughts in the present; break away from the bondage of yesterday. Because you know the future and if you are living in the immediate present, be conscious, be aware of the future in the present, then every act and every feeling will have a meaning, will crystallize your thoughts into action.

You may meditate, but if you lose your temper with your neighbor, of what value is your meditation? You may worship, but of what value is your worship if you marry your child at a tender age? You may profess that life is one, but you always divide life, ever creating confusion. You all agree now, but there will not be one amongst you who will act. You will all shake your heads and agree, you will come to meetings, but you will quarrel, you will be envious, you will pervert thought, corrupt love, be cruel, amass wealth, and so on. You have been doing this for the last seventeen years. Your theories are in one place, your thought and feeling are in another.

Oh! You are not honest. The life that you are leading is not worth while. Lead the worldly life if you must, but with tremendous and ambitious dignity; or, if you lead the other life (which is also in the world), lead it with equally ambitious care. That is the way to attain. That is the way to free yourselves from all the limitations of burdens. I wish rather you reject me, instead of listening and shaking your heads assenting, and yet do nothing. It has become a habit to listen and to do nothing. If there were one amongst you who was honest and sincere, you would alter the world.

Unless you think purposefully, and feel greatly, and unless you create a desire in the world to understand the true purpose of life, your attempts at service will bring about no softening of sorrow. For the perception of Truth requires great, constant, and anxious care of thought, and an individual, analyzing turn of mind. You agree **mentally**; **emotionally** you do not yield to your perception, for you are afraid, though intellectually you may play with my ideas. It will be of no value if you do not act **physically**, if there is no coöperation emotionally. I desire to create within yourselves a mirror of Truth which will reflect without perversion your thoughts and your feelings. If you have such a mirror, your love, if it be corrupted, shall be straightened. If you do not wish to live that life, why listen to me? If you agree, if you understand, your understanding must manifest itself in daily life, in your actions, and in your emotions.

(The above is a Question-and-Answer Meeting held at Bombay, India.)

A Daily Thought

(From Krishnaji's Writings)

MAY THE FIRST:

Life cannot be held in the bondage of fear.

Be free, then there shall be the miracle of order.

Love life, then there shall be no loneliness.—*Let Understanding Be the Law*, p. 29.

MAY THE SECOND:

Put aside the label, for that has no value. Drink the water, if the water is clean: I say to you that I have that clean water; I have that balm that shall purify, that shall heal greatly; and you ask me: Who are you? I am all things, because I am Life.—*Let Understanding Be the Law*, p. 27.

MAY THE THIRD:

Why should you subjugate yourself to others? Because you want to accept, you create authority and that is the root of poison, that is the seed which you must destroy.—*Let Understanding Be the Law*, p. 25.

MAY THE FOURTH:

I am talking about the hilltop that knows no shade, that is never under the cloud, that is constant and eternal, and you are concerned about the valleys that lie in its shadow.—*Let Understanding Be the Law*, p. 20.

MAY THE FIFTH:

As most people are afraid of doubt, think that it is a crime, a sin, they put doubt away from their minds, and hence grow strong in their narrowness, in their pettiness, in their worship of personalities, in their shelters which breed decay and comfort.—*Life the Goal*, p. 21.

MAY THE SIXTH:

If you have invited doubt in the fullness of your heart to test that understanding of the Truth of which you caught a glimpse, then doubt that very doubt. What remains will be pure, absolute, and final.—*Life the Goal*, p. 20.

MAY THE SEVENTH:

I hold that so far . . . you have held the Truth in the vessels created by humanity, and you have not worshipped the principle itself, the Truth itself.—*Life the Goal*, p. 20.

MAY THE EIGHTH:

To dig through the present to the eternal is the purpose of man.—*Life the Goal*, p. 12.

MAY THE NINTH:

You want to attain without a struggle, without a tear. . . . Being inexperienced of great heights, of great solitudes, of loneliness, and of eternal life, you think that you must carry with you your friends, your qualities, your churches, your moralities, your dignities, your bonds, your rites and religions. At these great heights you do not want such things.—*Life the Goal*, p. 12.

MAY THE TENTH:

To climb unhampered is not selfishness. . . . If you wish to climb you will be wise to climb purposefully, steadily, without the burdens of complications.—*Let Understanding Be the Law*, p. 21.

MAY THE ELEVENTH:

I know that which I am; I know my purpose in life because I am Life itself without name, without limitation.—*Let Understanding Be the Law*, p. 22.

MAY THE TWELFTH:

O friend! if you are in love with life, you will include all things, transient or permanent, in that love.—*Let Understanding Be the Law*, p. 23.

MAY THE THIRTEENTH:

Oh, you people of little understanding! . . . What do you think yourselves? Where is your understanding after all these years? . . . How ready you are to judge without knowledge! To accept without understanding! — *Let Understanding Be the Law*, p. 18.

MAY THE FOURTEENTH:

If you can realize that there is no comfort but understanding, you will not be caught up in words, in ideas, in books, or in the shades of remembered gods.—*Let Understanding Be the Law, p. 19.*

MAY THE FIFTEENTH:

Through many lives,
Have I prepared,
But now,
Behold, the cup is full.

The world shall drink of it.
Man shall grow
Into Thy divinity—*The Immortal Friend, p. 35.*

MAY THE SIXTEENTH:

It seems to me that if we cannot translate religion into practical use we shall not become spiritual, for if we are not perfect on the physical plane, having the full understanding of it, we are not really spiritual.—*Temple Talks, p. 16.*

MAY THE SEVENTEENTH:

I am he
That openeth the heart of man,
That giveth comfort.

I am the Truth,
I am the Law,
I am the Refuge,
I am the Guide, the Companion, and the Beloved.—*The Immortal Friend, p. 36.*

MAY THE EIGHTEENTH:

If I say, and I will say, that I am one with the Beloved, it is because I feel and know it.—*The Pool of Wisdom, Et Cetera, p. 46.*

MAY THE NINETEENTH:

Is there not an abode where we can be free from desires, from those desires that are unsatisfiable, where the mind can be tranquil, peaceful, and composed? Is there no Eternity where nothing changes, nothing decays, nothing can fade?—*The Pool of Wisdom, p. 13.*

MAY THE TWENTIETH:

Come away,
Come away,
O world,
From thy changing sorrows,
From thy dying love.

I have found the way.—*The Pool of Wisdom, p. 97.*

MAY THE TWENTY-FIRST:

If you would understand, you must obey only that Voice within each one of you. . . . But you must take care that that Voice is the Real Voice, that has become purified and ennobled through great experiences, great sorrows, great pains, and great pleasures.—*The Pool of Wisdom, Et Cetera, p. 11.*

MAY THE TWENTY-SECOND:

I am going on my way, because that is the only way. I have found what I wanted. I have been united with my Beloved, and my Beloved and I will wander together the face of the earth.—*The Pool of Wisdom, Et Cetera, p. 53.*

MAY THE TWENTY-THIRD:

Because I bear love, because I have suffered and seen and found all, naturally it is my duty, it is my pleasure, my dharma, to give it to those who have not.—*The Pool of Wisdom, Et Cetera, p. 52.*

MAY THE TWENTY-FOURTH:

Truth is generally not understood. Those who would gaze upon the sun need strong eyes, and there be very few who have such strong eyes.—*The Pool of Wisdom, Et Cetera, p. 79.*

MAY THE TWENTY-FIFTH:

I would ask you to have understanding and not a definite set of beliefs, of dogmas, of authorities, of credulities. Then you will be able to help, then you will be able to become the real disciples of the Beloved, then you will have the Beloved with you.—*The Pool of Wisdom, Et Cetera, p. 81.*

MAY THE TWENTY-SIXTH:

When thou art free, untrammelled,
When thy body is controlled and relaxed,
When thine eyes can perceive all things in their pure nakedness,
When thy heart is serene and burdened with affection,
When thy mind is well-poised,
Then, O world,
The gates of that Garden,
The Kingdom of Happiness,
Are open. —*The Search, p. 33.*

MAY THE TWENTY-SEVENTH:

In search of happiness

They build vast structures,
Call them churches,
And enter therein,
But it eludes them, as in the naked
streets.

They invent a God to satisfy them-
selves,

But they never find in Him what they
long for. —*The Search*, p. 20.

MAY THE TWENTY-EIGHTH:

If I say, and I will say, that I am one
with the Beloved, it is because I feel and
know it. I have found what I longed
for, I have become united, so that hence-
forth there will be no separation, because
my thoughts, my desires, my longings—
those of the individual self—have been
destroyed.—*The Pool of Wisdom, Et*
Cetera, p. 46.

MAY THE TWENTY-NINTH:

Happy is he who has been able to unite

himself with the Beloved. Happy is he,
for he will be able to help others, for he
will be able to give of the living waters
of life to those who are thirsty, to those
who are in want.—*The Pool of Wis-*
dom, Et Cetera, p. 61.

MAY THE THIRTIETH:

Because there are many interpreters of
the Truth, because there are many con-
flicting paths, beliefs, and religions, man
is lost in their complexities.—*Life in*
Freedom, p. 12.

MAY THE THIRTY-FIRST:

It is because you have not established
your goal that the present is as the moun-
tain when the sun has set—the light falls
and the darkness of the mountain over-
shadows the valley. Time is only a binder
of life and the moment you are free you
are beyond time.—*Life in Freedom*, p. 13.



History of the Ojai Valley

By Mary Gray



LIKE those secluded mountain valleys where, tradition murmurs, the Aryan race arose, inland from the sea fifteen miles, surrounded on all sides by a sheltering wall of hills and mountains, lies the Ojai Valley. When the summit is passed of the barrier which separates it from the coast plateau, the valley is revealed below—rolling uplands and meadow-lands sweeping to the range of mountains which encircle it.

To the West, rises Mt. Matilija; to the North, Mt. Nordhoff; to the South, Sulphur Mountain, with a pass through the foothills to the Upper Ojai, where lies Happy Valley. To the East near the granite cliffs of Topa Topa, 6351 feet high, towering battlements of rock, whose summit—a wide plateau—dominates the surrounding ranges for twenty-five miles. Beyond the Upper Ojai the road runs through the Sisar Canyon to Santa Paula and the valley of the Santa Clara river, where Ramona lived and first met the Indian, Alessandro.

The Valley, ten miles long and three wide, averaging about one thousand feet above sea level, nestles between the mountains and the foothills. Its great orange groves spread like green squares of a giant checkerboard between the rolling fields. In winter the snow lies along the mountain peaks, but with the turn of the year the orange trees fill the Valley with perfume as they break into bloom. Month after month, following the winter rains, the various fruit orchards follow one another into flower: the delicate pink of the almond, a soft cloud of flowers against the green hillsides; then the sweeping rose of the apricot orchards on their reddened boughs; and the persimmon and the plum in their turn.

In spring the lowlands are carpeted with wild flowers—the orange of wild poppies, the indigo of the lupin and the larkspur, and the lavender eye of the small

creeping plant that covers the hillsides.

The summer heat, sometimes over 100 degrees Fahrenheit, parches the flowering fields and hillsides, so that the slopes become tawny, of ever-changing color. Against this burnt gold of the summer and early fall, the green orange groves with their ripening fruit stand clear and shining. This is the time of drouth and over the parched fields, heat shimmers. Then the great sycamores along the empty stream beds and the spreading live oaks of the Valley give welcome relief from the sun. Yet always after the heat of the day, cool nights bring freshness, as dusk creeps over the golden fields and sunset colors the mountains with rose and lavender. Then against the deep bosom of the purple peaks the darkening shadows cling. Behind, the clear golden light glows, and the soft night wind steals down the canyons.

With autumn come the rains and once more the Valley springs into life, into green and flowering fields and hillsides. Once more the sage and the chaparral of the mountain slopes send forth their aromatic fragrance.

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The earliest dwellers in the Valley were the native Red Indians. Throughout both the Ojai and the Upper Ojai, Indian relics are still found, and about some of its most beautiful spots Indian tradition lingers. The name itself, "Ojai" (pronounced "O-high"), is the Spanish spelling of the Indian word which means "Nest." Many who have come to the Valley of late years have felt the presence of the Great Shining Being Who broods over the birth-place of the New Race. Perhaps the Indians, too, sensed this Guardian Spirit Who spreads its wings over the Valley, like a great bird, and so named its chosen habitation the Nest.

For long years, the Indians held the Valley sacred; no bloodshed ever marred its holy peace. Here they came to the hot

sulphur springs in the lower passes of Mt. Matilija, for healing. Here on the high summit of Topa Topa, reached only by the most precipitous paths, they held their councils; and there, today, may be found traces of their ancient camp fires. Below the north barrier rises Whale Rock, a great open ledge commanding the Valley, and here, also, the wisest of the tribes met to deliberate in peace for the welfare of their nations. And on the slopes of the hills of the Star Camp those who have the open eye have recognized the site of an old Indian village.

From time to time there are still discovered relics, which mark the habitation of the Indians and indicate their stage of civilization. At the edge of the Upper Ojai are Indian burial grounds; and on the old Bracken ranch, three miles from Happy Valley, was an Indian feasting place. There some years ago the plough unearthed a great Indian mortar, an oval stone basin about four feet long and two feet wide.

Twenty miles inland over the first ridge of mountains in the Piedro Blanco country, quite recently, a young man fell over a cliff and discovered forgotten caves, still containing Indian plaques and baskets. Still deeper in among the mountains in the Mutuah land stands a single great rock about twenty-five feet high, with three caves near its summit, reached by a difficult ascent up the face of the rock. Inside these caves evidences of long-dead camp fires remain, and on the rock walls are painted pictures—animals, symbols and hieroglyphics, colored brick-red by the Indians. These bands of colored symbols, now over one hundred years old, still keep their original brilliance. Probably messages left by the Indians for one another, these hieroglyphics show by their form that the Indians of this country must have been closely related in type and customs to the Indians of Arizona, peaceful and devout by nature.

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California has long been a consecrated land. Far back, in 1543, Cabrillo, a Portuguese explorer in the employ of Spain, came to the coast of Santa Barbara from Mexico in his two small ships. But not until 1769, when the Franciscan Fathers of Spain entered California from Mexico,

did the beginnings of civilization appear. Then Fra Junipero Serra—that beloved and romantic figure—began the establishment of Missions for the conversion and education of the Indians. Many of the coast Indians were in a most degraded condition, wholly dependent upon fishing and hunting. The Franciscan Fathers educated them and taught them to cultivate the soil; taught them, too, various arts and trades. The adobe Missions, fashioned somewhat rudely after the remembered beauties of Spanish architecture, were built with the aid of these Christian Indians.

Adobe mud was cut into rough bricks and dried, then formed into walls three or four feet thick, and plastered to render them impervious to weather. The great beams were brought by the Indians from the wooded canyons. In Sisar canyon when the Spanish settlers came in 1837 was found an ancient wooden ox-cart wheel left from the days when the Indians brought down the logs from the Sisar Canyon for the building of the Mission at San Buena Ventura—the Mission nearest to Ojai now called Ventura.

Fra Junipero Serra built the first Mission at San Diego in 1769 and then established, during the next sixteen years, ten others along the coast to San Francisco. Later ten more were established, so located as to be only a day's journey on foot apart. The good Father traveled always on foot along the open fields making his own trails. Sometimes, he writes, the wild mustard in the glory of its golden bloom towered above his head. These trails which he traveled each year to visit his Missions have now become the highways of California—El Camino Real, The King's Highway—linking the North to the South along six hundred miles of coast line. Still on occasional hills stand great wooden crosses, silent witnesses to the sanctification of the land by the devout and earnest Franciscan monks. Each of these Missions became the center of a settlement of people, little towns of adobe buildings. Here dwelt the Christian Indians and a few Spanish families who had come up from Mexico. It was a devout and tranquil life.

The Missions thrived and grew wealthy. Suddenly the padres were startled and

shocked from their peace when word came from Spain that secularization, that is, confiscation, of the Missions was threatened. Although the reason was not given openly, it was purposed to gain control of the churches and their rich lands to avoid paying the debt due the Missions for the upkeep of lazy soldiery quartered there. Ten years were allowed the Fathers to complete their work with the Indians. At the end of that time all communities would be held capable of self-government and the rule of the Fathers abolished.

Little attention was given to this decree of Spain, as at this time, about 1820, Mexico began a war for independence, freed herself from the Spanish yoke and secured California.

However, in 1824 Mexico herself took up the question of secularization. This marked the beginning of the end of the Mission system. Although the Franciscan Fathers fought it until 1833, secularization was then finally accomplished. The land which had been under the control of the Missions, the Fathers had planned ultimately to return to the Indians. This hope, however, was vain. The decline of the Missions, once started, was swift. Most of the padres departed sadly for Mexico and their lands were given away in large grants. One Mission alone has ever kept its altar candles burning, that of Santa Barbara.

Then began the life of the great Spanish ranchos, gay, hospitable, and free. In the open patios of the adobe mansions and under the drooping pepper trees sounded the haunting strain of the guitar, the click of the castinet and the soft songs of old Spain. At the time of the fiestas the towns were gay with color, with music and with dancing and the colorful, free life of the old Spanish ranchos came into full swing.

In 1848 the United States Government annexed California after the Mexican War. The gold rush of '49 brought in many Americans and the old romantic and picturesque Spanish life gradually passed, superseded by the newer American civilization and methods. But it has left its mark indelibly on the people of California, in their love of brilliant color and beauty, in their Latin gaiety and cordiality, in the Spanish architecture and the gardens of delight of which Father Junipero Serra

said: "Their roses are more lovely than the roses of Castile."

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The history of Ojai itself is shown in the following extract written thirty-one years ago; an article from the files of "The Ojai," the Valley newspaper:

"On April 6, 1837, in the early part of the six-year reign of the Mexican Governor, Juan B. Alvarado, Mexico granted to Fernando Tico, 17,716.83 acres of its California territory, under the title of 'Ojay Rancho,' in Santa Barbara County. The 'Ojay' ranch of 1837 is the Ojai Valley of which I write today.

"In 1874 Santa Barbara county was divided into two counties, and the Ojai came within the boundaries of the new county of Ventura. There is no accessible record of the Ojai prior to 1837. The Mexican grant to Fernando Tico appears to have been a sound one, as the abstract of title of the Ojai shows that on December 2, 1870, the United States of America granted a patent on the Rancho, signed by U. S. Grant, President, to the original Mexican grantee.

"By a deed dated May 25, 1853, Fernando Tico and Martha Jesus Tico, conveyed all those lands situated in Santa Barbara County, California, at the distance of about twenty miles in a northeasterly direction from the Mission Church at San Buena Ventura, containing four Spanish leagues, more or less, and commonly known as the Rancho or farm of Ojai, to Henry Starrow Carnes, for a consideration of \$7,500. The conveyance should have added 'more or less,' after the distance from Ventura, as fourteen or fifteen miles would have been correct.

"Mr. Carnes, who is still alive, and now a resident of Santa Barbara, conveyed the 'Ojay Rancho' in June, 1856, to Juan Camarillo, for \$10,600. In September, 1864, Juan Camarillo sold the grant to John Bartlett, for \$17,754. In September, 1865, John Bartlett sold one-third of the rancho to John B. Church for \$6,000, and the remaining two-thirds to John Weyth for \$12,000. After 1865 the Rancho was rapidly subdivided, and is today held mostly in small tracts."

Such is the Ojai, semi-tropical in climate, hot in summer but always cool at night, and suited by its warm temperature

to the raising of many fruits, citrus and otherwise. It has somewhat the look of Spain, with its oranges and gardens and warmth, yet withal a spiritual atmosphere somewhat akin to parts of India strangely transplanted to this western land—a rare uplifting quality which many travelers notice. Its peace is almost thunderous, a brooding, vital quiet that comes of the soul. As one passes the barrier of guardian hills one seems to leave the old world behind and to stand in a garden on the top of the planet with its own magnetism, its own new spiritual quality, expressed alike in man and nature, in deva, flower, and tree, awaiting the coming of the promised land where men shall dwell in brotherhood and plenty.

How the future of the Valley will unfold one cannot know. It is not easy here to live upon the soil, except on a large scale. Large ranches are needed to support even a small number of people, for water is scarce and the land depends largely upon irrigation. There are no industries yet. The Valley seems dedicated to education. Already besides the excellent public schools there are three great private schools which gather youth from all parts of the continent.

The Thatcher school for boys, founded in 1889, prepares for the universities. The boys lead a happy, tranquil life. Each is possessed of a horse which he must care for himself and with which he is free to roam in the Valley and over the high mountain trails. Frequent camping trips into the Sierras, Gymkhanas, where marked skill in horsemanship is shown, and above all the brooding peace of the Valley, help to unfold in the boys high qualities of character.

The Ojai Valley School, now in its sixth year, is for boys and girls of kindergarten and grammar grades. It has the privilege of the services of two well-known educators: Mrs. Gudrun Thorne-Thompson and Mr. Edward Yoemans. As a progressive school, it wins the interested attention of all the educational world.

Then not far away is a Catholic school which, too, shows increasing growth.

Perhaps it is well that the Valley should not expand too fast, and those who are really needed here will find the

necessary opening. Meanwhile its peace gradually spreads over an increasing number of people. Men of wealth have come here and built their homes remote in the border hills, while about the central town smaller houses cluster. It is strange now to know that years ago Charles Nordhoff dreamed of a community here. Famed for his literary work—for his descriptions of the South Seas—he did much to make the Valley known. He gave his name to one of its mountains and for many years also to the small town in the center of the Valley now known as Ojai. He saw the possibilities of this remote Valley with its great live oaks and sycamores and believed a community might grow here, sheltered and protected, which should fulfill the ideals of brotherly love and coöperation.

One great philanthropist, Edward Libby, now dead, had the vision to make of the small town something unique and beautiful. He had the buildings modeled in Spanish architecture with arcades along the business street. Ojai owes him much for the preservation of its beauty and for the park in the center of the town which he set aside for the use of the people. By some it is considered the most beautiful small town in California.

Thus marked out long ago for its destiny, the Valley has gathered dreamers and idealists and lovers of beauty, who have come here to mark the way and to guard and prepare it for the future.

Sanctified and set apart, the Valley will grow. It is now thirteen years since the first Theosophist, the Rev. Robert Kelsey Walton, was sent here to prepare the way. Not long after, others were shown glimpses of its future and came to help establish the center for the days to come.

At evening I look from my great west window to the line of serrated purple peaks against a saffron sky. At this hour like an amethyst chalice the Valley is filled to the brim with silence. From distant canyons comes the occasional wailing cry of the wild coyote, and from the trees far away the soft note of the mourning dove; and as the brooding peace of the Valley fills the heart, I know that we have been permitted here to foreshadow something of the peace and beauty of the new land which is to rise.

Who Brings the Message?

By Marie Russak Hotchener



AS IT the World-Teacher or Krishnamurti who is giving a new Message to humanity at the present time?

If Krishnamurti is only the vehicle of the Message, as some contend, how can we be sure who is speaking at any given time?

When he says that religions, churches, organizations, ceremonies, and other such are not essential to the attainment of Truth, is this the World-Teacher's statement or that of Krishnamurti himself?

This is the substance of the questions about the message of Krishnamurti that hundreds of persons have asked, and that we know are being discussed far and near. They have to do with the form aspect of the ideas involved, but nevertheless they are insistent questions, and many persons gain satisfaction through having them answered.

(It is true that they gain a certain amount of surface knowledge through the finding-out habit, impulsed by curiosity; but wisdom, the deeper, permanent truth, is gained only by thinking, reasoning, and the proving-out habit, motivated by the will-to-know.)

These questions about the World-Teacher and Krishnamurti are troubling the minds and hearts of many frank, serious individuals, and unfortunately are being the cause of a great deal of friction among some of them. The pros and cons of their opinions are being freely expressed, and out of the results it is interesting to note how the different views have served to classify into types the various questioners. These several types disclose in a very marked way the temperamental faults of each of them.

First we notice that of the timid, emotional questioners who are so fearful of being disloyal to someone that they overlook being loyal to themselves. They have always leaned on some authority, leader, society, or philosophy—the type that is

often designated as the “clinging vine.” These persons fear to have the delicate, clinging tendrils of their beliefs torn away from the safe, sustaining trellis, as the force of the new Message shakes the supports as by a strong wind. Breathlessly, hesitatingly, fearfully, they put the questions, inwardly hoping that it is *not* the World-Teacher but only the personality of Krishnamurti who tells them they should not lean, but curb their emotions and fears, and become more intelligently self-reliant. A great rush of self-pity envelops them. They have been so happy, so comfortable in their leaning, and now they are all torn loose and tossed by the storm. What shall they do to be sure the Message is true?

In their dilemma they turn to question others, since they have developed little independent thinking. It would be much better to think the thing out for themselves by turning to the only quiet center of life, one's own heart and mind. They would, by so doing, at least begin to break up the habit of dependency and take a step in the direction of self-reliance.

(We live dangerously until we become self-reliant.)

This type is full of love and devotion, and during the time that the clinging tendrils are being torn loose, so that the vine may be metamorphosed into a strong tree, these divine qualities should not grow less, but increase because motivated by intelligence instead of desire.

Another interesting type among the questioners is that which is known as the “show me” persons. They question only when an opportunity discloses itself for heated arguments on their part, because they are doggedly determined to fight for their philosophy that is firmly fixed, unmovable. They question: “How can it be the World-Teacher who tells us to forget all our cherished beliefs of the past and take the new Message, the source of which we know is still in considerable

doubt? Why give up the old when we are perfectly satisfied with it? Krishnaji will have to 'go some' to prove to us he is right, or has anything better than the old, and we'll make sure he is right before we change our beliefs."

The discouragement that might naturally result in trying to answer the questions of this *idée-fixe* type, in order to convey an idea of the joyousness and inner peace that result from understanding the new Message, is somewhat tempered by a recognition of its sincerity, fidelity, and devotion; these qualities even in this exclusive and fixed type are good for the time, and fortunately they will be gradually evolved into an all-inclusive expression of them which will be divine for all time.

There is another type of questioner which is interesting, that of exact thinkers—scientists. One is especially desirous of trying to answer their queries because they are able to reason intelligently and thoughtfully. Persons of this type are more interested in the form-aspects of the Message than in the Truth within the form. They have been captivated by the mechanistic phenomena arising from the idea of one's consciousness being used by another, and they want to find out if it is true, or if we actually *know* that it is not a case of "multiple personality." We impress upon them that Krishnamurti has repeatedly urged people not to try to understand the manner in which the message comes, but instead regard the Truth it contains, as that is of much greater importance; but still they are not satisfied, and regret that there is no physical instrument able to prove the actual facts!

One of the most interesting types of questioner (also of great danger to itself) is that which we might designate in common parlance as being "on the fence." It discloses persons who show distinctly that they are in a state of partial acceptance of the Message, but they are prejudiced by their personal desires, interests, and beliefs. They are not inclined to take a stand as opposed to the Message, yet are not sure who is giving it at all times—whether it is the World-Teacher or Krishnamurti. When the Message fits in with their personal ideas, it is the World-

Teacher speaking; but if it does not fit in, then they provide a plausible alibi for the World-Teacher and are sure that it is Krishnamurti himself speaking.

In this neither-one-thing-nor-the-other type the personal hobbies triumph over reason and judgment. Their fears for their pet ideas or schemes becloud and prejudice the mental vision, even from so elevated a position as atop the fence. They mistakenly think that others do not see through the fence and discover the supposedly hidden elements on the other side, but others *do* see, understand, and are sorry for the dangers that lie ahead of any policy that seems to fly in the face of the law of karma.

This type, unfortunately, does not hesitate to speak its doubts and opinions, and often sows unrest and mistrust by widely disseminating its uncertainties. If the Message says aught that may reflect unpleasantly upon the limitations of the religion they profess, the organization to which they belong, or the ceremonies they are interested in performing, then they are convinced that it is Krishnamurti speaking, since they say they believe a World-Teacher would never undertake to pronounce these things as unessential. For instance: There has been much discussion, needless controversy, and fear over the question as to whether Krishnamurti is a Theosophist. The straight question was recently put to him at a public meeting. He replied, "I am." This reply was reported without the context or explanation of what he has said on this subject several times in his writings and speeches.

When, a few days ago, he discussed this report, he said words to the effect that over and over again he has stated that he is a Theosophist in the same sense that he is a Buddhist, Christian, Mohammedan, etc. Being one with Truth, he is one with whatever contains pure Truth. This being the case one can understand what he meant when he stated: "I am neither a Theosophist nor a non-Theosophist. After all these are only labels, and there is a much bigger thing behind all labels."

It is a pity that members of this type feel it a duty to repeat their doubts publicly, as well as privately, and thus con-

tinue to drive subtle wedges of uncertainty into the minds of people less acquainted with what Krishnamurti has himself said on these subjects. There is actual danger in thus trying to explain his *exact* meanings to others, especially if the person explaining is at all prejudiced by any personal interests or feelings against what he (Krishnamurti) has said.

When Mr. C. Jinarajadasa was here last year he said that when people were in doubt about Krishnamurti's meaning and asked him (C. J.), he did not try to interpret it for them; he would quote full, apposite passages of the teachings, and let them explain themselves; he thought that was the only fair way.

It is so very important at this stage of the first implantings of a new Message to avoid anything that may prove in any sense an obstructing or misleading element to it. For instance, it seems very unwise to take an isolated sentence from Krishnamurti's statements or writings and quote it outside its context, if that sentence standing alone is likely to create a wrong impression in the minds of those who do not know the contextual explanation. For example:

Last year Krishnamurti, in answer to a question, made quite an explanation about his use of the word "God." It was stated by someone afterwards that he had said the words, "There is no God," thus using those words alone without their context. When he was later asked about it he said: "I have never said that there is no God. I have said there is only God as manifested in you. Of course there is a God—but I am not going to use the word God because it has got a very specific, narrow meaning. To some it suggests a strong fist of anger; to some a being with a long beard; to some an omnipotent, omniscient, supreme Intelligence. I prefer to call it Life, because it brings you nearer to the Truth."

This reply is definite, clear, final, whether spoken by the World-Teacher or Krishnamurti himself or by both. And this brings us to consider more deeply the matter of quibbling over the question of when it is the World-Teacher speaking and when it is Krishnamurti:

There is one very important fact that

seems to have escaped the attention of some persons: There are particular circumstances and factors which according to occult law condition to no uncertain degree the possibilities of using another's consciousness, and that personally I believe might also condition a World-Teacher's efforts to do so. These conditions and circumstances are those which relate to the *qualities* of the consciousness which the World-Teacher desired to use as a channel in conveying His message to the world. I believe He could only do it "through" someone whose consciousness was able to make a relationship with His own because of its highly purified and lofty quality—the consciousness of one who had attained a very high degree of perfection. Like can make a magnetic relation only with like.

I do not pretend to say that the World-Teacher *is* using Krishnamurti's consciousness in this way, for I do not know. But I *do* know that it *might* be so used, in certain circumstances, owing to Krishnamurti's spiritual attainments. The lofty, spiritual quality of Krishnamurti's consciousness would permit the World-Teacher to use it, if He so desired, as a channel for His Message. And further, there would be no necessity for Krishnamurti to raise his consciousness to the level where a World-Teacher might use it, because his (Krishnamurti's) consciousness is always of that level, *and functioning there normally through its own inherent nature*. So I believe.

Therefore it is utterly useless and futile for persons to quarrel over *who* is giving the new Message. It is enough to know that what is said by him originates in the lofty consciousness of one who has attained the level where Truth is one. What matters it which form, which vehicle, transmits it to the world? Why then try to solve the problem? No one knows except Krishnamurti himself.

Why also try to explain away the parts of the Message that do not fit in with one's personal hobbies or beliefs, by saying that they must have originated with Krishnamurti and not with the World-Teacher? It does not in any way alter the original, dynamically powerful quality of the Truth that is uttered, and in

this case the level of its origin is one and the same whether Krishnamurti or the World-Teacher speaks. This is a fact that doubters should realize.

Krishnamurti says: "Where is your understanding after all these years? How you deceive yourselves with all these words! You divide life into the World-Teacher, Bodhisattva, and that which is pleasant is the one, and which is not pleasant is the other, and if neither suits, then it is Krishnamurti. What has Truth to do with the terms 'World-Teacher,' 'Bodhisattva,' or 'Krishnamurti?' . . . Truth, which is life, has nothing to do with any person, with any organization. Friend, you are playing with these things. To you they are not vital, but to me they are vital. I am concerned with Truth and with the awakening of the desire in each one of you to discover that Truth . . . I do not want anything. These questions are not of very great importance; what is of importance is the fact that you obey and allow your judgment to be perverted by authority. Your judgment, your mind, your affection, your life, are being perverted by things which have no value, and herein lies sorrow . . . Truth does not depend on any person, however much you may love that person. It is beyond all persons, beyond the dreams of the gods and the dark sanctuaries of temples. I know that which I am; I know my purpose in life because I am Life itself without name, without limitation. And because I am Life I would urge you to worship that Life, not in this form that is Krishnamurti but the Life which dwells in each one of you. Do you think that Truth has anything to do with what you think I am? You are not concerned with the Truth, but you are concerned with the vessel that contains the Truth. You do not want to drink the waters, but you want to find out who fashioned the vessel which contains the

waters. Friend, if I say to you that I am, and another says to you that I am not the Christ—where will you be? Put aside the label, for that has no value. Drink the water, if the water is clean: I say to you that I have that clean water; I have the balm that shall purify, that shall heal greatly; and you ask me: Who are you? I am all things, because I am Life."

There is another type of questioners that does not belong in the category of any of the types here mentioned: they are in a class by themselves, and we meet them here and there. Their questions also differ from the others. They are not interested in knowing who brings the Message, but they question how they can make themselves more fitted to understand it, even better than they have already done, and how they can help others to do so. For them it has transmuted a dead past into a living present, and awakened them to the necessity for evaluating and understanding all experiences, no matter how unimportant they may seem. They have simply changed the focus of their attention and interest from the past to the present, and are concentrating on the new Message.

This type has learned that there is nothing gained by trying to belittle personalities in order to defend cherished principles. They have joyously opened their minds to receive the Message, have pondered it long and deeply without prejudice or bias arising from what they have already learned. As much as they can understand of it seems not only logical and reasonable but delightfully refreshing. They feel the greatest reverence, gratitude, and love for the Messenger since he is the radiant embodiment and exemplification of the Truths he teaches, and his life is wholly consecrated to the welfare of humanity.

If you, too, are questioning, dear reader, to which type do you belong?



Young India Throws It's Pebble

By C. F. Andrews

(Mr. Andrews writes of social reform in India from long and intimate personal association with Mahatma Gandhi, from observations on the spot of the remarkable demonstration of non-coöperation at the barrier on the Vykom Road, and of the voluntary giving up of opium by the addicts of Assam.)



HERE is an old Bible story which has very often come to my mind when thinking out quietly the present position of social reform in India. We are told in one of the early books of the Bible how David went out to fight Goliath. Before the battle, Saul tried to make him put on the heavy armor which he himself had used. David first of all tried to put it on, but felt very uncomfortable in it. Then, throwing it aside, he went down to the brook and picked out some smooth stones, and with his own sling went against the great giant and slew him.

This has always seemed to me a parable of the present state of Indian affairs. The ruling western powers in their interest in Indian social reform have tried again and again to get young India, which is eager to fight against the old, deep-rooted evils in the social systems of the East, to take up their own powerful weapons which they themselves have found useful. Educated Indians have tried again and again to use these weapons. But lately, under Mahatma Gandhi's leadership, young India, like David of old, has revolted and decided to non-coöperate with the West. In this reaction against western methods, it has turned to its own peculiar ways of dealing with these old social evils. Both in China and in India, that is the present aspect of affairs. We call it sometimes the rise of nationalism in the East; but we must remember that it is essentially an endeavor to do things in one's own way rather than accept any longer the tutelage of the West.

This is the thesis which I want to illustrate from my own experience; and everything that follows will come from what I have actually witnessed with my

own eyes as I have lived among the followers of Mahatma Gandhi and shared their life with them.

Let me first of all take the illustration of the moral struggle against "untouchability" in South India, which we call the Vykom struggle. It needs to be understood that a very large number of the poorest people, especially in the south of India, are called "Pariahs," or "outcasts;" even their touch is regarded as defiling by orthodox high-caste people.

Vykom is a village center, in the middle of the backwaters of Travancore. The sea comes in and out with tidal waters along different channels which intersect the country; and in this part there is one highway which goes through Vykom itself. Apart from this one road, people would have to go across rice-fields, to get from one part of the country to another, with possibly some waterway intersecting. Thus this highway is one of the most important roads in that part of the country. But since it runs through a Brahmin quarter, close to the Vykom temple, the Brahmins for hundreds of years have refused to allow any one of the Pariahs on it, for fear of defilement. Thus it has remained open only to high-caste people and customary usage has gained the sanction of law. This social injustice has now unfortunately become embodied in the law of the land.

The young followers of Gandhi determined to make out of this a test case, and to try to throw open this highroad for all human beings alike. One interesting thing in the story, which shows the strength of Mahatma Gandhi's movement, is this: the young leader, who originated the idea of this struggle, was a Syrian Christian from the ancient Syrian church in Travancore—a young barrister called

George Joseph. He was a devoted follower of Gandhi and a prominent patriotic worker in Travancore.

Mahatma Gandhi was almost desperately ill at the time the struggle began, and I was with him at the seaside near Bombay where he was lying in extreme weakness. If my memory serves me, George came to him. In any case, the whole plan of action was mapped out from Gandhi's bedside, and the struggle began.

The followers of Mahatma Gandhi took with them the "untouchable" friends, whose rights they were advocating, and walked into the Brahmin quarter. They were immediately beaten, and one was seriously hurt. Then the police of the Travancore state arrested George Joseph and his followers for encouraging trespass; they were condemned to imprisonment for varying lengths of time, up to one year. At once, volunteers came pouring in from all parts of the country in order to take the place of those who were arrested. The State Department then ordered that no more arrests should be made. The police were to prevent by force any of Mr. Gandhi's followers from entering the road. They made a cordon across the road. The leader of the volunteers then asked Mr. Gandhi for instructions. He told his followers to stand opposite the police cordon, until the police gave way. They were to take the attitude of prayer and treat the whole matter as a sacred religious duty. The young followers of Gandhi thereupon built an Asram (a place of religious retreat) of reed huts near to the village and organized everything on a religious basis, beginning and ending each day with prayer. They went to their posts at the barrier singing hymns to God, and in no way offering any violence at any point in the struggle.

Mahatma Gandhi then urged them to go on with the struggle however long it might last. He expressed his pleasure at all the arrangements. He also sent me down to help and encourage the passive resisters and to report to him about it. What follows I saw with my own eyes.

The place itself is flat, low-lying land. In order to reach it, I had to cross waterways by one ferry after another. Every-

where the palm trees grew in great luxuriance. It was a land of palm trees, reflected in the water. Under a clump of palms the Asram of Gandhi's followers was built. Each day at four o'clock the Asram began its morning prayers. Then followed the rapid cooking of an early morning meal—some rice preparation. Soon after five, the procession of volunteers started for the barrier. There were long and tortuous narrow lanes through the palm groves leading to the center of the village. The villagers lined the roads each day in order to see the volunteers pass; and they sang their hymns as they marched in their white robes to the barrier. At the barrier itself, they stood side by side with the Pariahs in an attitude of prayer, and one was seated at a spinning wheel and went on spinning silently the whole time as a symbol of Mahatma Gandhi's Khaddar (home-spinning) movement.

The sympathy of the villagers was obviously with Gandhi's volunteers. While I was present, I held many discussions with the Brahmins and found that they were wavering. But they were not yet ready to give up this age-long privilege of exclusiveness. They clung to it more through dogged conservatism than through any belief in its virtues.

The different bands of volunteers stood at the barrier without a break for six hours; each watch was changed at noon; and at six o'clock in the evening the day's struggle was over. The volunteers then went back, singing their evening hymn to God. The whole Asram retired to rest between eight and nine o'clock, after a meal of rice.

The climax came during the drenching monsoon rains. At that time the country which is very near to the sea level, becomes flooded; and during the year of this struggle the flood waters reached up to the waists of those who were standing at the barrier. The police were stationed during the floods in flat boats which were moored across the road and fixed with ropes to posts. Thus the police were dryshod on their watch; but the volunteers were sometimes up to their shoulders in water; and the strain was so great that the hours of duty had to be shortened from six to three hours. During this crisis

of the floods there was much illness in the camp, which was itself nearly under water; and the sufferings undergone by the volunteers at one time became acute. But naturally public sympathy was immensely increased by the bravery with which they went on enduring these hard conditions.

It was probably, most of all, this brave endurance of suffering which broke down the Brahmin resistance. In the end, after about one year and four months, the struggle was over and the road was opened, the Brahmins themselves accepting the new conditions and offering to allow the Pariah to walk past the temple and through Brahmin quarters. They said, "We cannot any longer resist the prayers that have been made to us, and we are ready to receive them."

It will easily be seen from this illustration how entirely unlike the weapons of the West are these indigenous weapons of India for dealing with her own social problems. Out of this Vykom struggle there has come not merely the opening up of one single highway for the Pariah, nor yet even the winning of the human right to use many of such roads, but a complete change in the angle of vision among the whole orthodox community of South India. It is likely to be the crowning point of victory in the whole struggle. What this means, in a country where these poor "untouchable" people number over fifty millions, can hardly be overestimated. For centuries, this deep-rooted evil has been going on unconquered. Now at last it would appear that a blow has been struck at the heart of the wrong which may destroy its very life-force and thus remove it from the earth.

A second illustration may be given from my own experience in Assam with regard to the great opium evil. Assam has been the one province in India on the borders of China which has been most addicted to the opium curse. The non-coöperation movement which Mahatma Gandhi initiated was regarded from the first as a movement of self-purification throughout the length and breadth of India. It was to be a non-coöperation with evil in any shape and form.

When Mr. Gandhi went to Assam he was especially asked by the leaders of

Assam to deal directly with the opium evil. During his visit he took up no other subject and dealt with it in his own direct method. He went through the villages in out-of-the-way places, meeting the villagers face to face. He went especially to those villages which had sunk most deeply of all under the opium evil. Everywhere he declared that the villagers must give up directly and immediately the opium habit. When they asked him what would happen to them when they gave up opium, he told them to have faith in God and to have boundless trust in God's power of deliverance. The simple villagers saw in Mahatma Gandhi himself the living vision of God and gained their strength of faith from his personality.

What happened was nothing less than a miracle. Within six months of his visit the opium consumption in Assam, which is under government control, was reduced by over 25 per cent, and that reduction has continued ever since. Not merely was there this reduction in the consumption of government opium but also, I was told, the smuggled opium was equally reduced. To put the matter very briefly, that one visit of Mahatma Gandhi has completely changed the opium situation in Assam. It has resulted in a moral purification infinitely greater and more powerful than any legal prohibition.

It was not possible for me to be with Mahatma Gandhi during this visit to Assam, but I visited the same villages two years later when I was engaged in arduous work there as a member of an important opium commission, and was able to verify by eye witness the facts which I had been told about Mahatma Gandhi's visit. Again and again I saw villagers who had been addicts for thirty or forty years and had never touched opium since the day when Mahatma Gandhi told them not to do so.

Here again it seems to me is another illustration of the old Bible story. The government from the West had attempted all kinds of methods and plans for getting rid of this evil in Assam. I have often studied the chart of opium consumption in Assam. What is visible is a slight rise and fall year after year in accordance with the prosperity and depression of the country. But during the whole period, in

spite of all kinds of endeavor, there was no real improvement, no complete conquering of the evil. But on the other hand, when a saint like Mahatma Gandhi came face to face and heart to heart with these illiterate villagers in their own villages and gave them the word of faith, he was able to effect in the shortest possible time what all government measures had been unable to do for half a century.

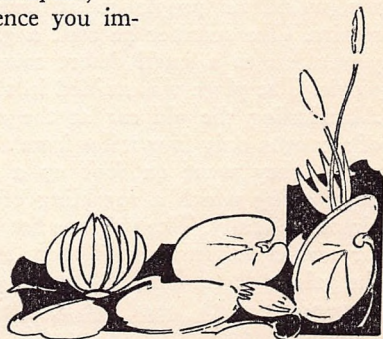
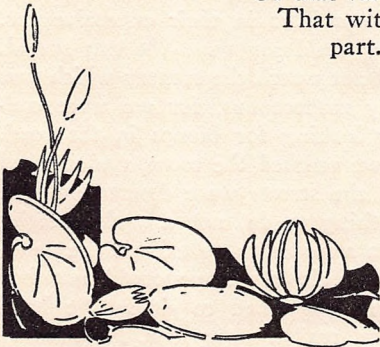
The moral of the story is this: if by delicate, sensitive sympathy with those internal forces in India, that are them-

selves the vital springs of reform, we from the West can in any way help forward India in the throes of her social revolution, we can do well. But if on the other hand, we attempt to press on India from the outside our own methods and our own ideas as though in that way reform can be effective, then we are really in danger of throwing back the Indian reform movement and impeding its onward progress.—(*Reprinted through the courtesy of THE SURVEY.*)

Night

By Beatrice Erwin

You are the great Initiate of Light
 That we, in folly, darkness call.
 You take us, and the day, within your
 arms,
 Like children weary of our play.
 And you enfold our littleness with
 Love—
 Love that is peace, and poetry, and
 power.
 For in your hands you hold the constant
 stars,
 The light of all those distant worlds,
 Grows visible alone in your deep eyes,
 And you have knowledge of their inner
 flame!
 That glow whose symbols, singing, fire
 the heavens
 With happiness—with Song—with Light!
 Ah! we within your arms asleep
 Can only rest and dimly dream
 Of that vast peace and love of Space,
 That with the sign of silence you im-
 part.



Creative Idleness

By Beatrice Wood



WHAT shall we do?" This is the refrain of our fast-moving civilization. Its rhythm beats between each activity as we tear through a speed-madened age. We rejoice in self-importance if we can murmur, "Oh, I am so busy I have not time to think." Not time to think! Of that many of us are proud. We rejoice in activity for activity's sake, careless of whither we are going, providing one distraction leads into another, and that no time is left for thought. "Killing time" has become an aim, and in achieving our aim, we kill response to the beautiful things of life. For if sensibilities are drugged, intuitions become dulled.

We are so used to doing things every minute of the day that we are afraid to remain at home an evening alone with nothing to do; we pass by the fact that we have an inner self, which is, after all, the real self. We only gain happiness by finding that self. And the proof of this contention is that rich people who have all the money to "buy" happiness, and flit from one pleasure to another, are more inevitably unhappy and unsatisfied than those whose pleasures are rarer. All the treasures of the world cannot bring us happiness, if we have not trained our natures to perceive them.

There was a young poet who did not believe it wrong to dream, to turn from the world of people to the world of nature. One summer he took a group of youngsters to a small desert town for a picnic. The place was nestled in the hills. Abandoning the old car at the entrance of a canyon only four miles from the main street, they went on foot up a narrow path, along which a sparkling creek ran almost lustfully. The sun was hot, but the air was clear. In back of them stretched the golden desert with its changing colors. Expanding with new joy at the release from city pavements, they climbed hot

rocks, and jumped over quaint old cactus plants. With bright eyes the poet told of that day.

"The brook was shady and in one spot where the water glistened with green mystery, funny insects hopped on the surface and a cascade of crystal fell around a water-soaked log. Before long our cries of ecstasy had mingled their human note with the music of the water as our bodies dived into the cool, exquisite wetness. Branches overhead drew patterns on our shining backs, and here and there little drops sparkled like huge diamonds. At last the sun sank behind the hills, and blue shadows drew a veil across the little village. The warm, summer moon, in a miracle of loveliness, silently glided across the dark heavens, and a glamor of enchantment fell upon the canyon—and upon us.

"We walked on through deep weeds, amid date palms—not to mention a few probable snakes and tarantulas. At last a huge, flat rock was honored with our supper, a feast of brown bread and cheese, and water served in melon-rinds. And with the magic of nature's presence we were lifted to a highly joyous consciousness, wherein all confusion and separation fell from us, and we became one with the great breath of the universe."

Some rich people, slaves to the ceremonies of convention, loud restaurants, and blazing theatres, made the same trip a few days later in their expensive car. All they could say was, "It was stupid. We did not watch the scenery which was endlessly monotonous, for we were continually looking for bumps in the road. When we reached the town, the sun had set and the streets were deserted. There was nothing to do, not a soul in sight, not even a movie to go to, and the newsstand had closed so we could not buy magazines. We had to sit in the hotel lobby and read a newspaper. All that we

saw was an empty night, and who wants to sit on an old hill?"

Though they had planned a three days' vacation, they left the following morning at nine to return to the city.

Because—"There was nothing to do!"

Few people in this jazz-age spend an evening alone, and fewer still know how. It takes courage to endure long hours, free from human interruption for we are so little used to it. Mr. Irwin Edeman states it correctly when he says, "We fear the dullness of being alone. We speed along because we fear the drabness of slowing down. Yet many a good citizen, given a chance to be alone with himself for an evening, might discover for the first time the quality of his own character, the contours of taste and interest that make him a personality as well as a jobholder. In such an interval man may find a hobby that will be for him a substitute for creative genius."

With the exception of the destitute, the stranger in the city, it is only the artist, the creative thinker, who seeks solitude for release from the world of men. He cannot contact that clear, vivid fullness of life, in which heaven and earth are for one brief moment united, unless he frees himself from telephones, bad radio music, people dropping in to chat idly, or the continual pressure to spend nights at movies, theatres, and dances. It is this modern, appalling restlessness which makes nervous wrecks of people.

When Maxin Gorky saw the crowds surging through the tawdry gaiety of the *papier-mâché* amusements at Coney Island, seeking pleasure by dark rides through tunnels, sensational falls over scenic railways, he exclaimed, "What an unhappy people it must be that turns for happiness here!"

Now that the city and country are closer together on account of the automobile, people have greater opportunities for enjoying nature. But few of us pay any attention to the scenery. We are usually too busy watching speedometers, studying maps, and making mileage records, to observe hills, skies, and the green trees fluttering in the breeze.

A famous actress used to go out to the woods to study her part. Here, lying on

the ground, relaxed, she used to speak her lines to the trees, and if they reëchoed her words truly, she knew that her interpretation was not artificial. Great thinkers usually turn to nature, and many an invention, many a story has been conceived while its creator walked through fields or forests. It is to be hoped that men will turn more and more from the cities to nature.

A scholar, a man of sensitive and rare perceptions, expressed the importance of our contact with nature thus, "I would put emphasis on one great and beautiful thing, and that is, I hope people will have learned to get back to nature and her true spirit of life, so that man and nature may once again walk hand in hand in that beautiful companionship which I believe God intended. For man to isolate himself from nature and all her beauty and power has been nothing short of a silly piece of personal egotism wherein he pretended to be more beautiful and powerful than nature herself."

The efforts of the artist to escape the demands of the world have often made him appear selfish. But well is he aware that the mind must be like a still lake in order to reflect the higher emotions, and that it is only at such moments that inspiration flashes into his brain, which, relaxed from hard study, is in such a state of repose that the subconscious can help it from within, and the world of ideas, the great ocean of thought of the universe, from without. Mr. Thomas Edison has said, "I find that in my own case the details of carrying out our new ideas are arrived at by hard thinking, but the ideas themselves are pulled out of the air, so to speak."

It may be because of this need for solitude that geniuses have often come to earth in frail bodies, because they are thereby forced into a certain withdrawal from the world. The reason for Beethoven's deafness might be to assure him a more heroic solitude, wherein, as the outer world became silent, his brain the more clearly heard the music of the spheres. Thomas Edison, who is deaf, said he would not have it otherwise, for it protects him from a lot of useless conversation. Many have triumphed to great-

ness through overwhelming handicaps. Helen Keller, deaf, dumb, and blind, has become an inspiration to those thus afflicted throughout the world. Dante, Milton, and Homer were blind. Keats, Chopin, and Robert Louis Stevenson were tubercular. Byron had a deformed foot. Gonnelli, the sculptor, though blind, was still able to produce excellent likenesses by feeling the contours of a person's face with his hands. And Dr. Nicholas Sanderson, who became blind as a baby, developed such an exquisite sense of touch that he could distinguish genuine Roman coins from counterfeits, although the false ones had deceived the eyes of connoisseurs. He was even able to determine the dimensions of any room he might enter, and judge the distance to the wall from the place where he was standing.

Machinery has given us a civilization wherein we may find more leisure. It is our concern not to waste that leisure. Fortunately the Youth movements throughout the world, and especially in Germany, are encouraging the younger generation to take hikes in the open, to find harmony beneath trees, and health under the rays of the sun. If, however, our duties bind us to the heaviness of the city, its noises, its despair, and its industrial-

ism, we can, at least, occasionally spend an evening at home, alone, dreaming, and lazily forgetting all but the stillness of the room.

There is such a thing as creative laziness, of allowing the subconscious time to digest the accumulation of intellectual efforts. H. Addinton Bruce says, "Literally everything that makes for relaxing of the conscious attention, and that in especial makes for reverie or aimless musing, is conducive to the upward flight of ideas from the subconscious. Whatever one's work, one will be able to work better as he draws upon the great idea-reservoir of the subconscious. The housewife, the teacher, the farmer, the financier, the business man, these and all others can obviously turn new ideas to good account. All these can equally gain access to the subconscious, can tap the subconscious, if besides working hard, they will only learn to idle a while, to relax, to 'listen,' to muse, and dream."

It is in constructive dreaming, in piercing beyond brick walls, that we sense the archetype of all noble thought, of all art, of all invention. At such moments trivialities fade away, and we are aware only of beauty, and of that vast, infinite understanding that some of us call God.

Beloved of the Heart

By Annie C. McQueen

Beloved of the heart,
We the simple-hearted greet Thee!
We who have loved Thy face,
Through lives and deaths
Have never parted from Thee,
Thou art here, and we,
So has it been before.

We the simple-hearted
Have never known Thy greatness,
We know not how to worship Thee,
Nor hail Thy majesty;
Our hearts are in Thy heart,

With trust and faithfulness,
And all-abiding love,
We know Thee, Beloved of the heart.

If Thy simplicity shall lead us,
We have been led before;
We follow simply, willingly,
We go with Thee, as friends;
We cannot be afraid,
We cannot be dismayed,
By greatness, majesty, and law,
Those words that label Thee,
Our Friend, close in our hearts.

Youth and Age

By John Elliott



ORDINARILY, philosophers are a pretty dull lot, at least to those not interested in them. You have just to take a group of normal, happy people, talking about normal and happy things, and inject into the midst of their conversation a philosopher, and pretty soon they get down to the "fundamentals of life," the smiles vanish, frowns appear, and everybody is as serious as can be. That isn't always the case, but isn't it pretty often? There are some exceptions, of course; occasionally you meet a philosopher who is genial and normal, and sees and dispenses the sunny side of life. That is presumably the ideal philosopher.

Many students of philosophy would probably consider Will Durant an approach to that ideal. He teaches philosophy from a totally different point of view from most writers. His *Story of Philosophy* lost none of the valuable instructiveness of the subject because it told the essence of ancient and modern philosophy and philosophers in a readable, human way. That book has been a "best seller" for a long time, and many thousands of people have come to know about these perpetual dispensers of profound thoughts who otherwise would not have known them.

But Durant has been more than a theoretical philosopher. He has applied his historic, analytic, and synthetic faculties to current questions and problems. He has vigorously expressed his views (and they are original and fearless) on such questions as companionate marriage, sex difficulties amongst the young, political corruption in American communities, and others. The virility of his views is shown by the fact that he stirs up so much controversy, for or against, but the people are not indifferent. For instance, what he said about political decadence evoked comments from the mayors of many of our leading cities. A writer must have

considerable original thought to be able to do that!

So, recently, when it was announced that Durant would write an article about the training of his daughter, Ethel, now a child of ten years, many wondered what he would say. They were fairly sure it would not be merely platitudinous. Some may have thought that the idealism of a philosopher might fail when applied to so practical a thing as the education of a child; others, that because so often a professional clergyman does not make a success in leading his own child to the "path of righteousness," so Durant might find his child unopen to philosophic suggestionism; and still others, that as this is an age of revolt, the younger generation being distinguished by an independence of thought and action that often expresses itself by going contrary to the will of its elders just because they are elders, so Durant's child might prove intractable.

But why speculate further? In *The American Magazine* for March he tells the story, and I think it will prove of just as great interest to those who have no children as to those who have. Personally, I have never had a child, but am I too modest in thinking that that does not necessarily give me a better knowledge of how to bring up children than those who have the children? But if I had had them I think I would not take the attitude of the charwoman in the London slums who, when a trained social worker tried to show her the need for cleanliness about her filthy home and children, retorted, "When you have had ten children, as I have had, you can tell me how to bring them up!"

As to whether Durant's experiences and methods with his daughter, Ethel, are such as will prove of value to parents with other types of children, I shall have to be neutral and simply advise all such to read his article for themselves. Curiously enough I have found his article

exceedingly interesting and helpful to one who is an old man with radical points of view which are not shared by many. Here are some of my radicalities:

I think that whatever principles or ideas are really good for the education of children may also be very good for the education of adults, because education is only the process of bringing into expression the intelligence and other psychic and physical attributes of the individual. In the child this process is largely unvolitional, because it does not know what is taking place. Its capacities develop, it learns lessons at school and at home, it plays and enjoys, and it also suffers and sorrows, but it gradually expands its nature. The adult should share in this same process deliberately and consciously. In that case he can develop his own physical powers, his emotional nature, his intellectual and spiritual potencies, with a spontaneous joyousness that is possible only when the ego deliberately guides it and shares in it. I found Durant's ideas harmonized with the view and lent scope to it.

Again, I think that the self-education of adults should not be stopped by age, but should continue right up to death itself. Not only is this a joyous experience for the adult, but it keeps his mind growing and independent, it prevents him from mental decay and dependence on his youngsters. It keeps him from being "out-of-date," it keeps him mentally progressive, and a contributor to the circle of those who should look to him for guidance and wisdom.

Further, I believe that a vigorous mentality in old age, one that is educating itself up to the last minute, insures a much happier condition in life after death. Yes, I believe the "soul" or "ego" survives bodily death. And the soul or intellect that has kept itself on the upward arc of progress goes into that future world with a progressive courage that will enable it to triumph over obstacles there as it did here.

It was very encouraging to find that so eminent a man as Durant is not a materialist. He does not measure life in terms of dry-dust atoms. What a great privilege to Ethel to have a father who from the

beginning of her young life had a splendid vision of its purpose! Read:

"From the beginning we looked upon Ethel as a creature composed of body and soul. The body was born first, and the soul was born when Ethel smiled. From that moment we realized that all this pink flesh, these dimpled arms and legs, these blue eyes, red lips, and yellow curls, were but the machinery and instrument of an intangible Life, that would soon begin to love and hate, to desire and dream, to wonder and grow. Somehow that life would be dependent upon this body; it would be a brighter flame, we thought, if the body that expressed it should be made sound and strong. We resolved that till Ethel reached ten we would hold her flesh and blood as our supreme care, relying on Nature to bring forth from the perfect body the first flowers of kindliness and intelligence. We suspected that behind most misconduct or slow wits some physical ailment lay; and instead of psychoanalyzing Ethel, or preaching morals to her, we offered her fresh air and wholesome food."

It is very interesting to notice Durant's stressing the physical body as being his principle care until the age of ten. Occult philosophers have from immemorial times declared that the physical body should be dominant until the age of seven; that from then until the age of fourteen the emotions should be gradually educated and trained, and from then until the age of twenty-one the mentality should be evoked and guided, and thereafter the three principles of man (body, emotions, and mind) should be deliberately inter-fused towards the ideal of a harmonious understanding of life.

But to emphasize the need for perfect physical health for seven or even ten years years is a splendid thing. Did not the Buddha teach that a perfect physical body is the first step towards the attaining of Nirvana? And his Nirvana meant the blended final perfection of all human traits and possibilities, not the annihilation that superficial commentators mistakenly think.

Now I wonder if that ideal of a perfect body is not just as important for age as for youth. The adult mind and

emotions, with their greater intensity and duration, make stronger demands on the body than do those of early youth; they cause more violent reactions in the blood stream and nerves. And maturity, with its capacity for mental concentration, requires more than ever a sound physical body. As an old man I ask myself, when reading Durant's words, whether I am giving enough attention to the upkeep of health, and I decide that I should give more.

Durant says: "It has been Rule No. 1 with us that air comes first, even before that astounding miracle, omnipotent milk. Every night, whatever the season may be, open windows call in the wind to turn the cheeks of Ethel into roses and flame." Now I admit that trying Rule No. 1 has not restored roses and flame to these aged cheeks of mine. But it has given me much better nights of sleep and days of vigor than before I did it. If the body is thoroughly covered at night, so that even the coldest air may be freely received into the lungs, the result is rejuvenation. Read what the famous Dr. Kellogg of Battle Creek says about the efficacy of fresh air at night. But the principal point is to regard the health of the body and to know that, in age more than in youth, the body should be kept at its maximum powers of health and endurance by exercise, air, sunshine, good food, as well as by the secondary influence of right emotions and right attitudes.

Dr. Durant says that a vegetarian diet helped out with plenty of milk and whole wheat bread was fine for Ethel, and he adds whimsically: "But the vegetarians will be scandalized to hear that very soon in Ethel's history we added chicken to her menu once or twice a week."

Another of my radical views is rebirth. I believe that after my death I shall come back to earth again as a child, and that I shall have much the same kind of body, emotions, and mentality that I have developed in this present life. Yes, strange as it may seem to those to whom the idea is new, I think that an elderly person ought to work for perfect physical health because, if he does, he becomes entitled to a perfect physical body in his next life, and will be attracted to such parents as

can provide him with one and help him to maintain it. I think that those who neglect their health here in this life will have the tendency to have ailing bodies as children next time.

How Dr. Durant began the training of Ethel's emotions is a fascinating chapter. In spite of being her father he recognized her weaknesses. Says he: "The child is greedy at table, stingy with toys, quarrelsome in play, conceited in bearing, loudly loquacious, dishonest, moody, secretive." Some adults have been known to have these weaknesses. I have some of them *in excelsis*. I am trying to eliminate these unworthy traits and emotions. They are such a nuisance to me and to my family and friends. They tend to get worse as one gets older, like uncultivated weeds, unless one uproots them occasionally. Dr. Durant doesn't want them in his daughter. I don't want them in myself, in the emotional body that will be mine when I am re-born, perhaps of some father as wise as Dr. Durant. It will spare my new father much time and trouble if I train them out of my nature here and now. It's an interesting game to try to do this for yourself in your leisure time. It makes you happier as well as your friends. Try it.

As to character-growth, hear Dr. Durant:

"How shall we ever succeed in the development of character if we cannot, by honesty, draw honesty and honor out of the native moral resources of the child? We tell Ethel that every thought imperceptibly molds her face, and that in the long run all elements of character are written on the countenance for every eye to read; but we are not content with frail intellectualities of that sort. We know that if we wish her to be honest we must be honest ourselves, even when it hurts; and that we must never frighten her with the fear of any worse punishment than to let her see how her defection from honor has darkened the day for us all."

It is nice to hear Dr. Durant emphasize the fact that if we wish to help others to be honest, we must be honest ourselves, for therein lies all the power and potency of one person's ability to help another. We must *be* the thing before we can help

another to be it. And therein is a splendid doctrine of Krishnamurti, the World-Teacher, who tells us that we must develop through our own experience and efforts these character-qualifications that will make us happy and perfect within, and enable us to help others to become permanently happy also.

Youthful or aged, we may share that same ideal and that same enthusiasm, and if the age be so advanced that perfection is recognized as not yet attainable, there is the encouragement that the next earth-life affords a continued opportunity. But that does not diminish the need for striving in this one, for it is part of that inner teaching that in order to carry out of this life the complete possibilities which it has afforded us, we must deliberately impress upon our consciousness those things that we want to be permanent parts of our continuing being. We must memorize the ideals, the yearnings, the capacities,

the emotions, the physical health, that we want to carry over into that future life. And memory comes through repeated iteration, through repeated doing, emoting, and thinking the thing we want to become.

In his article Dr. Durant has given us elders much to thank him for, much to dwell upon, much to carry forward into our own lives and to make our own. If we have children we may well think of them with his closing hope; if we have not, we may perhaps think of ourselves as embodying his ideal when we return once more to earth as children:

"I hope she will not become too learned to love life and that she will never think of books as better than friendship, or nature, or motherhood. I will not hold her complete, whatever her career, if she does not some day lift up another child beyond her height as I try to lift her beyond mine."

Wind and Trees

By Dr. Setrac G. Eghian

During a terrific wind-storm which raged for several hours, a wanderer in the woods came upon a scene of havoc that the storm had played among the trees.

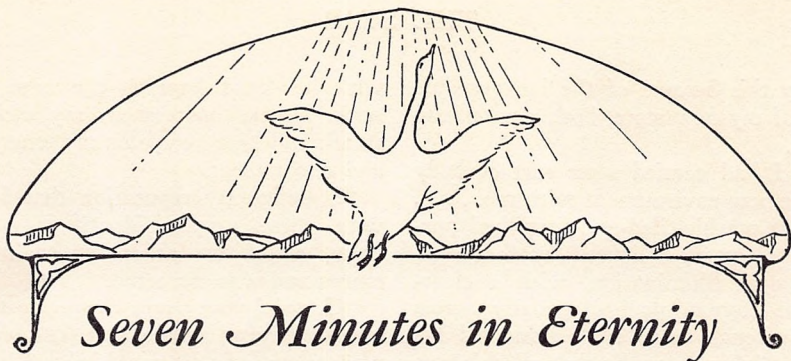
Some trees were torn out of their beds and lay flat on the ground. The wind whistled through their branches and leaves without the slightest feeling of sorrow. These trees were almost rootless. They seemed as if they had not taken serious thought of their life. They had not sent their roots deep enough into the bosom of the earth, and so by the first blow of the winds they were thrown over.

The wanderer came upon some other trees that were standing erect proudly and gracefully, and watching with smiles the futile efforts of the raging winds, striking with terrific force upon their trunks without effect, and passing disappointed into the nothingness. These trees were well-rooted and their heads were high up in the clear sky, above the gloomy atmosphere of the woods, and above the storm-zone.

The wanderer came upon another set of trees where the winds had played their terrific game. These trees were well-rooted, in fact too well-rooted, but they were lowly grown. It seemed they had spent all their energy in the effort of spreading their branches covetously to the surrounding space, for the purpose of grasping more room from their neighboring brothers. So they had never given a thought to growing upward.

These trees had fallen within the storm-zone. The raging winds had found resistance in their spreading branches. They had played with them gleefully and rejoiced every time when they broke or twisted or tore away a branch. These trees were standing bare and desolate. Their torn leaves and branches were scattered all over the woods, carrying with them their moans and groans.

In calamity, in the storm of life, the same destiny befalls the selfish and the greedy man, they fall within the same cosmic current of destruction, sorrow, and suffering.



A Strange Experience



R. WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY, the well-known author, editor, and traveler, who was with the Japanese forces in Siberia, a Red Triangle man, Consular Courier, and War Correspondent through the Bolshevik-Czech campaign, has related the following very remarkable experience. He calls it "Seven Minutes in Eternity," and affirms that he is not a psychic, occultist, or psychical researcher. The experience occurred while he was alone and resting in a bungalow in the Sierra Madre mountains near Pasadena, California. One day he retired about midnight and went to sleep as usual.

"But between three and four in the morning—the time later verified—a ghastly inner shriek seemed to tear through my somnolent consciousness. In despairing horror I wailed to myself: 'I am dying! I am dying!' There was a physical sensation which I can best describe as a combination of heart attack and apoplexy. . . . This was not a dream. I was fully awake, and yet I was not; and whereas I had been on a bed in a moonlit dark of a California bungalow when the phenomenon started, the next moment I was plunging down a mystic depth of cool, blue space, with a sinking sensation like that which attends the taking of ether as an anesthetic.

"I aver that in the interval between my seizure and the end of my plunge, I was sufficiently possessed of my physical senses to think: 'My dead body may lie in this lonely house for days before anyone discovers it—unless Laska (his dog) breaks out and brings aid.'

"Next, I was whirling madly. Once in 1920 over San Francisco an airplane in which I was a passenger went into a tail spin and we almost fell into the Golden Gate. That feeling! Someone reached out, caught me, stopped me. A calm, clear, friendly voice said, close to my ear:

"Take it easy, old man. Don't be alarmed. You're all right. We're here to help you.'

"Someone had hold of me, I said—two persons in fact—one with a hand under the back of my neck, supporting my weight, the other with arm run under my knees. I was physically flaccid from my 'tumble' and unable to open my eyes as yet because of the sting of queer opal light that diffused the place into which I had come.

"When I finally managed it, I became conscious that I had been borne to a beautiful marble-slab pallet and laid nude upon it by two strong-bodied, kindly-faced young men in white uniforms not unlike those worn by internes in hospitals, who were secretly amused at my confusion and chagrin.

"Feeling better?' the taller of the two asked considerably, as physical strength to sit up unaided came to me and I took note of my surroundings. . . .

"I knew what had happened. I had left my earthly body on a bungalow bed in the California mountains. *I had gone through all the sensations of dying*, and whether this was the Hereafter or an intermediate station, most emphatically I had reached a place and state which had never been duplicated in all my experience.

"I say this because of the inexpressible ecstasy of my new state, both mental and physical.

"For I had carried some sort of body into that new environment with me. . . . A sort of marble-tiled-and-furnished portico the place was, lighted by that soft, unseen, opal illumination, with a clear-as-crystal Roman pool diagonally across from the bench on which I remained for a time, striving to credit that all this was real. Out beyond the portico everything appeared to exist in a sort of turquoise haze.

"I looked from this vista back to the two friends who had received me. There were no other persons anywhere in evidence in the first half of my experience. Somehow I knew those two men—knew them as intimately as I knew the reflection of my own features in a mirror. . . .

"I got down from my marble bench and moved about the portico till I came to the edge of the pool. 'Bathe in it,' came the instruction. 'You'll find you'll enjoy it.'

"I went down the steps into delightful water. And here is one of the strangest incidents of the whole adventure. When I came up from that bath I was no longer conscious that I was nude. On the other hand, neither was I conscious of having donned clothes. The bath did something to me in the way of clothing me. What, I don't know. . . .

"I recall exclaiming to myself: 'How happy everybody seems! how jolly! Every individual here conveys something that makes me want to know him personally.' Then, with a sense of shock, it dawned upon me: '*I have known every one of these people at some time or other, personally, intimately!* But they are sublimated now—physically glorified—not as I knew them in life at all.'

"They were conventionally garbed, these persons, both men and women. I recall quite plainly that the latter wore hats. I can see with perfect clarity in my mind's eye the outline of the millinery worn by a dignified elderly lady at whose deathbed I had been present in Sioux City, Iowa, in 1923. The big, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed fellow in white duck who had first received me,

with his hand beneath the nape of my neck, always hovered in my vicinity, I recall, and kept an eye on my whereabouts and deportment.

"I pledge my reputation that I talked with these people, identified many of them, called the others by their wrong names and was corrected.

"Certainly we never dream by the process of coming awake first, knowing that we are suffering some kind of heart or head attack, swooning, and coming abruptly conscious again in the arms of two kindly persons who reassure us audibly that everything is quite all right. Nor do the impressions of a dream so stay with us—at least they have never so stayed with me—that after a year such an experience is as vivid as many of my experiences in Siberia during the late World War.

"I went somewhere, penetrated to a distinct place, and had an actual concrete experience. I found myself an existing entity in a locality where persons I had always called 'dead' were not dead at all. They were very much alive. The termination of this journey—my exit so to speak—was as peculiar as my advent.

"I was wandering alone about the portico I have described, with most of my recognizable friends gone out of it for the moment, when I was caught in a swirl of bluish vapor that seemed to roll in from nowhere in particular. Instead of plunging prone I was lifted or levitated. Up, up, up, I seemed to tumble, feet first, despite the ludicrousness of the description. A long, swift, swirling journey of this. And then something clicked—something in my body. The best analogy is the sound my repeating deer-rifle makes when I work the ejector mechanism—a flat, metallic, automatic sensation.

"Next, I was sitting up in bed in my physical body again, as wide awake as I am at this moment, staring at the patch of window where the moon was going down with a reflex of physical exhaustion through my chest, diaphragm, and abdomen that lasted several moments. Not any digestive distress, you understand; simply a great weariness in my torso as if I had passed through a tremendous physical ordeal and my heart must accel-

crate to make up the lost energy. . . .

"It was tragic, the coming back. Call it the Hereafter, call it Heaven, call it Purgatory, call it the Astral Plane, call it the Fourth Dimension, call it what you will. Whatever it is—and where—that human entities go after being released from physical limitations, I had gone there that night. And, like Lazarus of old, I had been called back—back to the anguish (in comparison) of physical existence to finish out my time in the conventional manner. Somehow or other, in sleep that night, I unhooked something in the strange mechanism that is Spirit in Matter, and for from seven to ten minutes my own conscious entity that is Bill Pelley, writing-man, slipped over to the Other Side.

"*There is a survival of human entity after death of the body*, for I have seen and talked intelligently with friends whom I had looked down upon as cold wax in caskets. . . .

"I went about my bungalow in the days that followed as if I were still in a sort of trance—which I verily was. Days of this, with a queer unrest galvanizing me, a feeling that I was on the verge of something, that out of my weird Self-Projection onto another plane of existence I had brought something that was working within me like yeast.

"Then came experience number two—not quite so theatric and therefore harder to describe. One night while still imbued with the feeling of my fourth-dimensional adventure, I took down a volume of Emerson and opened it by chance at his essay on the Over-Soul. In the middle of it, though not reading any specific line, epigram, paragraph, or page, I had a queer moment of confusion, a sort of cerebral vertigo, then a strange physical sensation at the very top of my head as if a beam of pure white light had poured down from above and bored a shaft straight into my skull. In that instant a vast weight went out of my whole physical ensemble. A veil was torn away.

"I saw no 'vision,' but something had happened, and was continuing to happen. A cascade of pure, cool, wonderful peace was falling down from somewhere above me and cleansing me. My book fell from

my fingers to the rug and stayed there. I sat there staring into space. *I was not the same man I had been a moment before!*

"What really had happened was, I had unlocked hidden powers within myself that I know every human being possesses, and had augmented my five physical senses with other senses just as *bona fide*, legitimate, and natural as touch, taste, smell, sight, and hearing.

"I was peaceful inside.

"And the change soon began to manifest itself in concrete form. One day in my office I took a package of cigarettes from my desk. About to apply a light to one of them, I heard a voice say as gently as any worried mother might caution a careless son, 'Oh Bill, give up your cigarettes!' And even before it had occurred to me that no one was present in the flesh to address me thus audibly, I answered, 'All right!' and tossed the package into the near-by wastebasket. I went all that day without smoking. Next morning, again, I reached for my tobacco tin across my desk to load up my corncob. *It was knocked from my hands with a slap that tossed it upward in the air and deposited it bottom upward at my feet with the tobacco spilled out.* No cautioning this time. But I knew!

"I haven't smoked tobacco in any form from that day to the present—this after twenty years of smoking a dozen cigars a day, lighting one from the butt of the other. Moreover, I haven't had the slightest ill effect nor did I go through the agonizing torture of 'breaking off.' Just didn't smoke any more—didn't have the nervous urge—didn't even give tobacco a thought.

"The same strange prohibition seemed to shut down on coffee, tea, alcohol, and meats. I endured not the slightest distress in giving these items up. They simply ceased to exist for me. And, inversely, a strange new sensation began to manifest itself in my muscles and organs. I had the glorious feeling of physical detachment from the handicaps of bodily matter. No form of bodily exercise seemed to take energy that I had consciously to supply. I had always been slightly stoop-shouldered. Without any

unusual exercise, my spine straightened of itself, so to speak.

"Along with this physical phenomenon went the unexplainable faculty of withstanding fatigue. If I wearied myself by prolonged physical labor, it was the healthy weariness of boyhood that overtook me, and a sound night's sleep wrought complete readjustment. On the other hand, I found I could sit at my typewriter twelve hours at a stretch, if necessary, with hardly a muscle protesting. I had suffered consistently from insomnia ever since a period in my twenties when I worked as police reporter on a morning newspaper. Now I went to bed and to sleep.

"With this physical alteration came a different feeling toward those around me. This perhaps was the most astounding aftermath of the whole adventure. Certainly it appeared to have convinced my friends that some extraordinary thing had occurred, since it dramatized my rejuvenation, so to speak, and gave them something to perceive with their senses. . . .

"What is this thing which happened to me, and why did it happen?

"First, I believe my subconscious hunger after what the Bible terms 'the things of the Spirit'—that is, the sincere desire to penetrate behind the mediocrity of three-meals-a-day living and ascertain what mystery lies behind this Golgotha of Existence—attracted to me spiritual forces of a very high and altruistic order, who aided me in making a hyperdimensional visitation. I believe such hunger will always attract such forces.

"Second, it goes without saying that having made such a visitation and had certain questions concretely answered by those I confronted in that dimension, my subconscious (or for that matter conscious) knowledge of what the Fourth dimension is and of what can be done within its area, undertook to operate first upon my physical body and to bring

about the rejuvenation which subsequently came to me. And yet I can no more explain the Fourth Dimension with words than I can convey to a man blind from birth the redness of the color red.

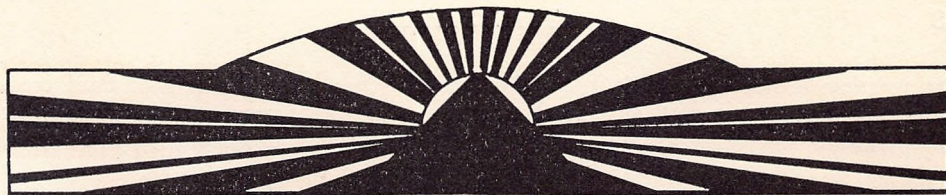
"Third, these experiences immediately revealed to me that there is a world of subliminal or spiritual existence, interpenetrating the ordinary world in which most of us exist as ordinary two-legged Americans full of aches and worries, *and that this subliminal world is the real world*—the world of 'stern reality' if you will; that it is waiting for the race to learn of it and 'tap' its beneficent resources, without waiting for what we call physical death; that our 'dead' dear ones are existent in it—alive, happy, conscious, and waiting for us to join them, either at death or any time we reach that stage of spirituality where we can make contact with them.

"I have seen my own there and have visited with them.

"At any rate, whether I am right or wrong, I know that for a limited time one night last year out in California my spiritual entity left my body and went somewhere—a concrete place where I could talk, walk about, feel, and see; where answers were returned to questions addressed to physically dead people, which have checked up in the waking world and clarified for me the riddle of earthly existence.

"I know there is no Death because, in a manner of speaking, I went through the process of dying, came back into my body and took up the burden of earthly living again. I know that the experience has metamorphosed the cantankerous Vermont Yankee that was once Bill Pelley, and launched him into a wholly different universe that seems filled with naught but love, harmony, health, good humor, and prosperity."—Condensed from the *American Magazine*.





Sunlight

By W. SCOTT LEWIS



UNLIGHT is a form of vibratory energy. When it falls upon the unclothed body this energy is absorbed by it, and definite changes are brought about according to the particular rates of vibration present at the time. As we have seen, the effect is not always the same because certain wave-lengths may be present at one time and absent at another. The long infra-red waves penetrate deep down into the bodily tissues, and are of great value in treating certain diseases. This is a matter which we expect to take up more fully at a future time, so shall merely call the reader's attention to the fact that every part of the solar spectrum is useful to our bodies.

It is customary to ignore the visible rays as they are so commonplace that we pay little attention to them. This is a mistake since they are actually of great importance to us. It is difficult to realize what the world would be like if every ray of visible light could be permanently blotted out and only the invisible part of the spectrum left; but it is certain that the human race would not last very long under such conditions.

Colors are being used more and more, as time goes by, in the treatment of disease, and are all contained in ordinary sunlight, even that which filters through a cloudy sky. Relatively simple experiments show that this is not true in the case of vibrations *beyond* the violet, which are entirely absent except when atmospheric conditions are good.

The very fact that ultra-violet is one of the most important, as well as the least common, constituents of sunlight makes its study of great importance. Students of the subject are agreed that adults can

not expect to have the best of health without it; while measurements collected over many years at some of our leading universities prove, as we shall show later, that the children who get the most ultra-violet light have the most perfect bodies and the brightest minds. Just why this is so we shall now proceed to understand by making a more detailed study of its effects.

It is to be hoped that students will not be content with merely reading about these effects and statements, but will experiment with their own bodies so as to prove the truth of them by personal experience. We need to conduct an extensive propaganda for the therapeutic application of sunshine to sun-starved bodies: the best propagandists are those who speak from personal knowledge.

I will first take up the action of ultra-violet rays upon the skin as that is the part of the body which receives the full force of the sun's light. Few people realize what an important organ the skin is, for it is just as truly an organ of the body as is the heart; in many respects it is as wonderful as the internal parts of the body.

According to Dr. Charles F. Pabst, skin expert of Greenpoint Hospital, Brooklyn, the skin contains two million sweat glands which, if placed end to end, would extend for seven miles. It secretes an average of two pints of perspiration daily, although a person may lose through it as much as seven pounds in a day. This is why we are advised to drink at least eight glasses of water daily; if we do not do so the skin will suffer. It also forms a protection for the body, keeping out hosts of harmful bacteria, and in addition, acts as a marvelous thermostat. No matter whether

the weather is hot or cold it keeps the temperature of the normal body at about 98.6 degrees.

These are by no means all the functions of the skin, but they serve to illustrate its importance to us, and the need for keeping it in as healthy a condition as possible. Unfortunately it is subjected to much abuse which greatly reduces its efficiency.

The excessive use of cosmetics is especially deplorable. A healthy skin does not need artificial aids to beauty. It is extremely soft and has a rich color which indicates a healthy body within. But how rarely is such a skin seen! It is little wonder that most people want to keep as much of it out of sight as possible. It is usually a pallid white, flabby, and afflicted with pimples, rashes, and other unsightly, eruptive disorders. It is really starved for sunshine and air, easily attacked by disease, a poor protection against bacterial infection, and only partially performs its function as an eliminator of poisonous accumulations from the system.

When the owner of such a skin understands its value, and begins to acquire a cutaneous covering of which he will not be ashamed, it is necessary for him to start with a considerable degree of caution or he may at first do more harm than good. Being in an abnormal condition, the skin cannot perform its normal functions properly, but must be stimulated to do so and built up gradually. As I have shown in a previous paper, this is best done by exposing it to sunshine and fresh air not over twenty or thirty minutes a day, in the case of an adult, or five minutes in the case of a baby. This recommendation is especially for those starting treatment during the warmer months.

When sunshine is allowed to fall upon a healthy skin the entire body is stimulated, and an increase in bodily energy is noted; the nerves become relaxed and a feeling of peace and well-being steals over one. When it strikes upon an unhealthy—that is, a pallid—skin, certain rays which should be absorbed by it are allowed to pass through and reach the tender tissues underneath.

Researches recently conducted by Drs. Macht, Anderson, and Bell in the laboratory of Johns-Hopkins University have

proved that while the skin of dead creatures can not be penetrated by ultra-violet rays to a depth exceeding 0.1 millimeter, living skin is passed through readily, a sufficient depth being reached to affect the blood circulating through the surface capillaries.

Solar rays produce no bad effects on their way through tanned skins, but Sir Thomas Lewis of London, has shown that if the skin is bleached by sunlight starvation the rays act upon the protein of which the body cells are partially composed, changing it into a chemical known as histamine. This in turn has a peculiar effect upon the walls of the capillaries. In the first place it causes them to enlarge so that much more blood can enter, thus producing the familiar reddening, or erythema, which is the first symptom of sunburn. In the second place it makes the walls of the capillaries much more permeable so that they begin to exude more fluid than is customary into the surrounding tissues, producing swelling and blister. If the exposure has been long enough to form a relatively large amount of histamine the result is very painful and may even be dangerous to life itself. This is why one must avoid an overdose of sunshine when beginning to take sun baths.

Histamine is formed in harmful quantities only when the skin is unused to sunshine. As soon as it has been exposed a few times the process of pigmentation begins, melantin granules gradually forming around the nuclei of the epidermal and the basal cells; this coloring matter has the property of absorbing the wave-lengths which produce histamine, thus protecting the tissues below.

As pigmentation proceeds the skin grows softer and more lustrous and acquires a greater resistance to infection of all kinds. This is well illustrated by the Chinese coolie whose skin is exposed to sunlight all day long, and consequently develops a resistance to blood poisoning, which seems marvelous to the westerner. It is not yet certain whether this effect arises entirely because of the healthy condition of the skin itself, or whether it is due to the fact that the resistance of the entire body has been built up to the highest degree by the action of sunlight. But we know a tanned skin, when injured, heals much

more rapidly than an untanned one, and it also has greater power to resist bruises. Pugilists have discovered this fact and now train in the sunshine where they wear only trunks, so that the larger part of the body becomes deeply pigmented.

It is even claimed that in the fight between Dempsey and Carpentier, Dempsey's victory was partly due to the fact that much of his training was done out of doors. His skin was more elastic than Carpentier's, so it was not harmed as much by the blows. Even in ancient times a beautiful, bronzed skin was greatly valued, the Greek athletes prizing it as much, perhaps, because it was a mark of aristocracy, as they did for an indication of the superb physical condition to which they aspired.

It might be of interest in this connection to consider briefly the cause which first led primitive man to cover his body and thus to impair its efficiency. While popularly supposed to be due to the mysterious influence of the first apple upon Eve, it appears that the element of modesty, or perhaps we should say false modesty, did not enter into the matter at all. The peculiar idea that there is something

indecent or wicked about certain parts of the body does not seem to have entered man's head until fairly recent times.

The simple answer to "How did we come to wear clothes?" as advanced by Dr. Knight Dunlap, Professor of Psychology at Johns-Hopkins University, is that primitive man had to contend against hordes of flies, mosquitoes, and other insect pests, too numerous to mention. They swarmed about him in an abundance unknown in civilized communities at the present time and tortured him by day and night. No great power of observation was required to show him that animals' tails were most useful in discouraging these attacks and from this it was but a short step to the hanging of tails, strips of hide and grass about his own body where they would flap as he walked and brush his tormentors away. Such garments are common today in some parts of the world, and are not too hot for a tropical climate. "Clothing itself," says Dr. Dunlap, "is not modest, or immodest. Any degree of clothing, including complete nudity, is perfectly modest as soon as we become thoroughly accustomed to it."

Truth

"If you love Truth intensely and yet absolutely for its own sake, you love all. If Truth is the one comfort, and you have that comfort, your desire is to share it with others."

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"For this reason I desire, if I can, to exchange with you. You can take all of me; you can take my heart, my mind, everything away from me, enjoy of it, eat of it, because I can always find it again, having once found it. It is the blind who are in need, not those who have already seen, who have plenty. You have so little, I have so much. You need, and I have more than sufficient. Why not exchange? Why not look at the world through the eyes of Reality? Why not feel the suffering of the world through the heart that is Eternal?

"When once you look and feel, you can do nothing else but work, nothing else but love. And when you work and love, combining with that Truth, which is the absolute, the forgetting of self, you become the real disciple, the real follower, the real lover."

—KRISHNAJI.

Russia—A Review

By Eurith Goold

The United States may eventually be sovietized, perhaps in our own day, Theodore Dreiser declares in his new book, *Dreiser Looks at Russia*, published by Horace Liveright, New York.

"It is not a very great step from a nation of chain stores, chain hotels, chain newspapers, and chain industrial and mercantile establishments of every description to a chain soviet system, conducted, as in Russia, by a dominant group," says Mr. Dreiser.

Among the things he finds to praise in Russia are the healthy attitude toward sex, the condition of industrial workers, and the status of women. He deplores the spirit of espionage everywhere, the censorship of the press and stage (which results in such things as the presentation of Uncle Tom's Cabin without little Eva) and the "ominous" preparation for war.

Russia, he says, acting on the assumption that as the head of the Communist movement in the world, she is called upon to sovietize the world, is busy with all kinds of military preparation. "Not since the days of Germany before the war have I seen anything like it," writes Mr. Dreiser.

"In every city and town of any size all over the great empire . . . soldiers, soldiers, soldiers. But most ominous of all, I think, is the additional propaganda which goes with keeping a great nation in the mood and the faith that such a war is inescapable.

"In every apartment house, club, factory, shop, school or residence, or wherever citizens can be gotten together, the young and old are instructed not only in the doctrines of Marx and the virtues of the communal life as practiced in Russia today, but the dangers of a world war against Russia; also the need of the masses sticking together, learning to use rifles, bombs, machine guns, as well as to practice first aid and self-help in times of disaster. And almost invariably . . . practice in all these matters is actually furnished

for half or three-quarters of an hour each day to all who can be induced to come, men and women, girls and boys."

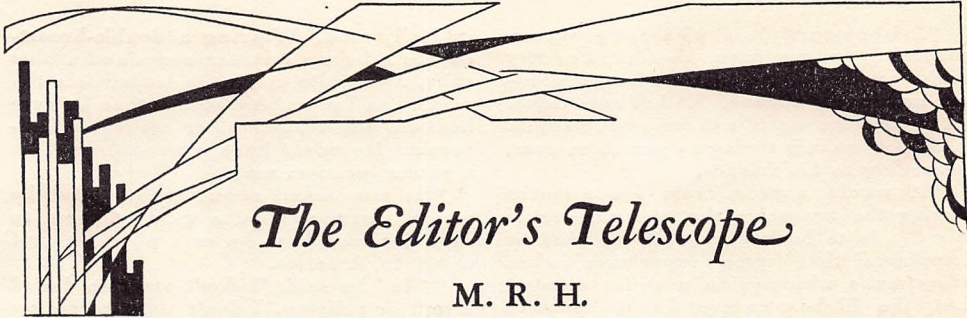
Equal pay for equal work, freedom from domestic cares, voluntary motherhood, and opportunity to enter every employment, from ditch digger to engineer, are some of the advantages which the women of new Russia enjoy, according to Mr. Dreiser, who cites the case of a young woman, married to an Army officer, and the mother of two children, who has just been graduated from the Military Academy in Moscow with the rank of general.

"But what is of greater significance in the working out of the new moral and economic code for women," he adds, "is the definite growth of a social stigma on the woman who is not self-supporting."

In order to make it possible for all women to earn their way outside the home, the state has established community kitchens and laundries, and day nurseries in connection with all working organizations. On the whole, Mr. Dreiser concludes, the women of Russia are happier under these conditions than the women of America, although the American woman is better off in material things.

Mr. Dreiser found conditions among industrial workers in the cities greatly improved, but the new order has not been able, as yet, to greatly alter the mode of living among the peasants on the land. Within a mile of a Government agricultural station, where the latest tools devised for scientific farming are demonstrated, peasant families continue to live in one-roomed huts, shared by the family and the domestic animals.

"I feel that the Soviet form of government is likely to endure in Russia, perhaps with modifications, and not only that, but spread to, and markedly affect, politically, all other nations. Though the system has wonderful features, I do not wholly agree with either its philosophy or its technique. It is too much like replacing one tyranny with another."



The Editor's Telescope

M. R. H.

STAR CAMP OPEN TO PUBLIC

Many persons will be glad to hear that this year's Star Camp, and those of the future, will be open to the public at the same rates as for members. Details will be found in the official notice on another page.

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WEEK-END PRE-CAMP MEETINGS

Beginning April 20th, the week-end pre-Camp Question-and-Answer meetings for members and friends will be held each Saturday at Ojai at 5 P. M., and Sundays at 10 A. M. They will continue until May 11th and 12th, closing with those days to make ready for the Camp.

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HEADQUARTERS BUSINESS

Owing to the presence at Star Camp of the official staff of workers at the Hollywood Headquarters (2123 Beachwood Drive), all business there will be suspended from May 24th to June 4th.

This does not mean that the Headquarters will be closed on those days, as there will be someone there to receive visitors, forward mail, and answer telephone enquiries.

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A CORRECTION

In the March *Star Magazine* there appeared an article entitled "India and the World," by Dr. Annie Besant. It was sent us by one of our members from Adyar who stated it was written by Dr. Besant. It was a reprint of an editorial from *New India*, and we are now informed that it was not written by Dr. Besant but by one of her assistants.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

As the cost of printing the magazine and also the heavy postage required have

often exceeded the income from subscriptions, we have decided to curtail slightly the number of pages. This does not mean that there will be much less reading matter. We shall keep that approximately the same by using smaller type in the opening pages (except for the articles and poems of Krishnaji), and using smaller type for some of the articles and reviews at the back of the magazine. We trust we shall have the understanding of our readers as we thus continue to disseminate the Message and ideals of the World-Teacher.

Owing to a mistake of the printer's, quite a number of the April *Star* magazines contained an omission of several pages. If any subscriber has received one of these imperfect copies, please send a notice to 2123 Beachwood Drive, Hollywood, and a perfect one will be sent him at once.

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KRISHNAMURTI'S RETURN TO CALIFORNIA

The return of Krishnamurti to California has attracted widespread attention from the Press. And it is most gratifying to note that he has been receiving serious and considerate hearing in the many interviews extended by him. Our readers will no doubt be much interested in what he has said to his interviewers and what they have said to him. The following one from the *Los Angeles Times* was broadcast over the radio:

"Krishnamurti, Hindu teacher, returned to Los Angeles yesterday and talked things over informally with reporters. He is here to make preparations for the next camp meeting of the Order of the Star at Ojai in May.

"The purpose of the annual meeting, Krishnamurti said, is 'to create an attitude of mind so as to enable the individual to solve his own problems.'

"Krishnamurti is a pleasantly accommodating young man, disclaiming any ambitions to lead a cult or have followers or convert anyone. He has some ideas as to how the world can be made happier and he is merely trying to put them over, according to his friends.

"It would appear from his remarks during the discussion that the purpose of his life is to be happy. Not the kind of happiness that some experience when they make whoopee on a roller coaster, but the higher conception, to achieve which one must have the proper perception and must perceive the proper ultimate goal. The man who thinks he will be happy if he amasses a million dollars learns on piling up the million that he has not achieved happiness. That is because, according to Krishnamurti, his goal is too narrow. That is not to say he should have set it at two millions, but the fact that he is not satisfied with making a million shows there is something radically wrong.

"'Who can achieve this happiness—everyone, rich and poor alike?' 'Certainly, if they perceive the ultimate goal properly.' 'How about the saying that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear?' Krishnamurti thought it unfair to try to summarize the whole thing up in an answer to that and launched upon another exposition, at the conclusion of which it was remarked that if the supreme happiness is attainable by all, then it must follow that either one can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear or there are no sow's ears.

"'There are no sow's ears!' Krishnamurti laughingly countered."

Mr. Gilmore Millen, Assistant Editor of the "Evening Herald," said:

"Jiddu Krishnamurti, Hindu mystic and philosopher, hailed as a world-teacher by thousands of his followers, arrived in Los Angeles today with a message that he was not expounding a cause or a religion.

"'Religion is frozen thought,' he said. 'That is the trouble with America and with the world today. There is too much religion. Human beings won't look at the actual facts of life. They use religion as an escape. In India they used to say that the world is an illusion. In the middle ages they went into monasteries. They were seeking happiness by refusing to look at actual facts of life. It is the same way in the world today. People are going into cults and religion looking for something they can find only in themselves.'

"Krishnaji, as he is known to his followers, came to Los Angeles on the Santa Fe early today. A great crowd of his followers were at the station to greet him. He was interviewed at the home of a friend at 2154 North Beachwood Drive

in Hollywood. Wearing a double-breasted Oxford gray suit, tan shoes and a blue shirt, and white collar, he looked less the part of an Indian philosopher than he ever had on any of his other visits to California. He might have been mistaken for a young business man.

"He was asked about reports that he was no longer called a messiah come to save the world, as he was when he first came to America.

"'No,' he said, 'I don't want to found a cult or religion. I don't want to follow after one, either. I don't want to convert anybody or anything, thank goodness. Certain people in the Order of the Star believe I have something worthwhile to say. It is just as if they had a friend who was an artist and had painted a picture. They would want all their friends to come and see it. That is the way it is with me. They want people to hear what I have to say.

"'There is too much conversion in religion in America and everywhere else. All I am trying to do is to make persons following my teachings think for themselves. Meanwhile they can be members of any church or society they want to. What difference does it make, if they get any good out of it?' he said."

From the Los Angeles "Examiner" we clip the following: "Krishnamurti, the young Hindu, is in Los Angeles again. And again he's expounding the same theories of—or against—religion, only a bit more assuredly and vehemently. Religion, as commonly conceived today, is to him just 'frozen thought.' So frozen from centuries of iron-clad oppression and suppression that it must take a great upheaval to ever thaw.

"'Religion is fear,' the slender young man with the long, dark, nervous fingers, insisted to his interviewers yesterday when he received them at the home of Hollywood friends. 'And with fear there is no place for individual thought.'

"'Man should be like the lotus flower. Conceived in the filth and mire of the swamp, it pushes its way upward to the light and unfolds in the white splendor of nature's beauty. Man should push his way—by individual thinking and freedom from fear—into the sunlight of understanding, and blossom the way nature intended. Mankind inherently seeks spiritual and mental comfort and it should be found through natural inclinations. Not through rules laid down by a religious institution.'

"Krishnamurti objects to being called a new messiah or a modern Christ. This latter appellation he does not deny, but neither will he confirm it.

"'I teach,' he said, 'the same as Christ, freedom from religion. Sometimes they

scoff at me here in America and abroad. They say I seek a following for my own ends. Bah! That is nonsense. I do not seek a following. Nor do I seek to unfold a new religion or a cult to convert anyone. I teach that which I know will benefit mankind. Those whose vision directs them may follow my teachings. I do not ask them to. It is up to their own intelligence and mental and spiritual freedom'."

An interviewer from the Ventura "Star" found Krishnamurti's pointed ideas about life very interesting:

"Please sit down.' The slender young man spoke with quick, soft accents as he arranged a comfortable chair for his guest. Then, throwing his loose straw hat which he had worn in out of the garden, onto the floor, he pulled up another chair and sat, almost knee to knee, with the "Star" reporter and looked expectantly into his face. The large brown eyes under the heavy, black hair were friendly and danced with enthusiasm as he nodded his understanding of the first question propounded him. It would be hard to imagine anyone easier to interview than Jiddu Krishnamurti, the young Brahmin teacher, with devotees in the four corners of the earth. He will conduct the annual summer encampment of the Order of the Star this May. He is living unostentatiously among his gardens in the upper slope of the Ojai valley, where he spends his time reading, writing, and talking with friends. Occasionally he finds time for a swim, a game of tennis, a round of golf or a ride. The only thing he does on schedule is to eat, he admitted. 'Otherwise things go wrong,' he laughed.

"The interview had been arranged through the services of Mr. Rajagopal, also a Hindu Brahmin, who arrived two weeks ago from Madras, India, to prepare for Krishnamurti's coming. It was he who appeared at the door to welcome the writer at the appointed hour for the interview, and who sat entertaining him while Mrs. Rajagopal, a beautiful and cultured young American, stepped up a pathway to a small cottage on the hillside to summon Krishnamurti.

"The latter appeared, wearing a loose-brimmed straw hat, a white shirt, open gray sweater, plain gray trousers, and sandals, held to the soles of his bare feet by a double strap. He was the embodiment of cordiality as he advanced to shake hands. For more than an hour he sat, answering questions, explaining, and illustrating his thought. His command of English is superior, and his manner of speaking that of an English university student. He feels intensely as he speaks, and leans forward to grip the arm of his listener or to point a slender hand as he makes a point. What he says is logically stated, with frequent interrup-

tions for metaphorical illustration and to make sure his meaning is clear:

"Do you see? Do you understand? That is clear?" Sometimes he waits for an assent; again, he only pauses and then continues the thread of his thought. Thinking to put the most common question asked about Jiddu Krishnamurti, the interviewer asked:

"What do you consider yourself?" By way of answer, Krishnamurti asked a question. 'What do most men live for?' Then he answered it himself: 'For the acquisition of money. For power. For fame. For pleasure—' As he named the common goals he struck them off on his fingers.

"But when you have all these things, you do not have it all,' he said. 'Life is not complete. There is something lacking. Put them all together in the life of a man and you still leave something to be attained. That something is freedom—freedom from desire and selfishness.'

"Krishnamurti likened himself to a lotus, which takes the water, and the soil, and the impurities of a swamp and brings them to beautiful fruition in a flower at which men marvel. He did it, not with an air of wanting men to marvel at him, but with the apparent conviction that this ability is so deeply instilled in him that it is not a matter for further thought.

"There is,' said he, 'a level of freedom which is life itself—pure, unenslaved, and free. To reach it man must pass through the obstacles of desire, selfishness, imperfect love, etc., as the lotus goes through the mire.' All life, he feels, is stretching toward this blossoming level. In his case he knew his goal and he shortened it into the present space, which men call 'this life,' and has attained that level wherein he cares no longer for anything save giving himself unstintedly and unselfishly to others.

"I love,' he said, passionately. 'I love everyone. But I do not ask that anyone in particular love me in return. Do you see? Is it clear? I have attained freedom of love.' Then, he added with a quick smile, 'But not free love.'

"It is in this stretching of all life toward a common goal that Krishnamurti advances the general theory of reincarnation, so old in Indian philosophy. In his case, he has attained perfection in this present space of time, called 'a life.' But if more spaces or more 'lives' are needed, it makes no difference, he declared. 'But the longer you wait the more pain you endure, for waiting is in itself pain. It is uncertainty, and that is bondage,' he said.

"This law of reincarnation, however, is progressive with Krishnamurti. A man cannot slip backwards if he wishes, for the good which he has accumulated in his

soul in one 'life' will remain and force its expression in the next. He cannot become 'lost' as there is no such thing.

"A tiny stream starts to the sea," he illustrated. "It winds through many valleys and is joined by many other streams. It may sing beneath the ground or be checked by dams. But it is bursting to reach the sea, and finally it will."

"In this way, Krishnamurti feels, men are stretching toward freedom which he has attained. External conditions may check, but not block, life. 'Capitalism is saying to labor, 'You shall not have it,' and labor is replying, 'we will have it.' Labor is bursting for that expression, and it must come. That is life."

"When a soul attains this perfect life, it loses its identity in it. Krishnamurti's illustration of this is a mosaic, in which each pebble is in itself perfect but which is only seen as a complete whole, with the individual pebbles merged in the picture. In this mosaic, then, he would have himself and other men as perfect stones.

"Who are these other men? Have there been many of them?" he was asked.

"The answer was with a shrug of the shoulder and another smile: 'How can I say? I think not many have attained it—not more than a man in a century or a thousand years. Christ had his perfect life. Perhaps Buddha had it—Plato, Marcus Aurelius, other men. There may be other men enjoying it today, but not many. Who is Krishnamurti to say who has it?' That is his attitude.

"The question of child-marriage in India Krishnamurti freely discussed, with a double explanation and one comment. He recalled its start in the days of the India invasions, when men married their wives early to protect them from the barbarians who were likely to seize them. The other explanation lay in the warm climate of India, where girls mature more quickly than in the colder lands. Beyond these explanations, however, he admitted

that there are conditions which need changing. India, he said, should change them.

"But you must remember," he said, "that India is a very old country, so old that it has some undesirable customs which date back into the days of barbarism. Yet it also has some very beautiful customs. You must remember that."

"Krishnamurti's interest in India, however, does not seem to be particularly greater than in any other country. His thought, he declared, is too broad to be confined to any one country. Several times he emphasized his complete indifference to 'whether a man is a Chinese, black man, Indian, or white man.'

"It is no good asking a man's nationality. That is all rubbish." He made a sweeping motion as if to clear the 'rubbish' from between him and his listener. In using the word 'philosopher,' Krishnamurti insists on a different meaning than the common one. He considers too much philosophy to be 'groove thinking,' such as Platonism, formal Christianity, Buddhism, etc. He denies that he is trying to set up this sort of 'philosophy.' Rather, he said, he speaks what he feels and organizations can 'take it or leave it,' or take what they choose of it.

"Krishnamurti was asked if Theosophy is his 'vehicle' for getting his idea before men. 'Why, no; not at all. What right have I to speak and say, this is Theosophy? Maybe the theosophists themselves would disagree with what I am saying to you. Because I belong to an organization does not make me the leader of it, any more than your belonging to the organizations of which you may be a member makes you the leader of them. I do not wish to be a leader like that. I wish to say what I think. People may agree or disagree. Probably many of them disagree with me.'

"At the close of the interview, Krishnamurti arose and with Mr. Rajagopal strolled out of the house and down to the waiting car with his guest."

Liberation

The goal of liberation must be established within yourself; it is your goal, and when you have established it you are free, and freedom is happiness. But to understand it you must put aside the barriers of things, the barrier of fear. Everything is a matter of experience, and there is no fear.—*Krishnaji*.



The Ojai Camp 1929

"The most important work that lies before the members of the Star in America is the building up of the Camp.

The people who come to the Camp will be helped greatly; and they will there, if they are wise, drink of the fountain of Truth, and go away with a certainty which shall help them to break their fetters."

—J. Krishnamurti.

★ ★ ★

The Ojai Camp Management cordially invites you to attend the second International Congress of the Order of the Star which will be held at Ojai, California, U. S. A., May 27th to June 3rd, 1929.

CAMP FEES:

The fee set for 1929 is \$45.00 per person. Young people under 15 years of age, \$25.00. Where there is more than one child in the family the rate will be \$25.00 for the first child and \$15.00 for each additional one. Persons who respond will help greatly if they are able to pay the Camp fee in full now, or to send at least one-third with their registrations.

REGISTRATIONS:

Prompt registrations will be of direct benefit to all. The arduous work of the Camp Management is greatly lightened if it knows at once the number of people for whom preparations must be made. On the other hand the most desirable tent locations will naturally be assigned to those who register promptly. Those who wish to be taken care of during the last thirty (30) days or so prior to the Camp, will of course be cheerfully satisfied with such accommodations as the Management can hastily make available.

While tents for two persons will be the standard, the Management may be compelled to assign late comers to tents housing four or more people, if a suitable num-

ber of our standard tents cannot reasonably be secured at the last moment. Those who register early will have their locations assigned even before their arrival and will be promptly directed to their tents, avoiding the usual delays which are incident to the taking care of late comers.

REGISTRANTS SHOULD BRING:

Electric torch, sheets, blankets, pillow-cases, soap, towels, etc. The Camp Management will endeavor to keep a stock of these articles which may be bought at the Camp Shop. Nights may be cool even during the latter part of May. Small tent floor rugs will be very useful. Extra blankets may be rented from the store.

SPECIAL NOTE:

All who intend coming in their own automobiles should immediately advise the Ojai Camp office so that adequate parking space may be prepared. Those who wish to be supplied with canvas automobile covers for the Camp week may have them at a rental of \$2.50 each. Application for these, giving name and style of car, must be made prior to May 1st.

GENERAL INFORMATION:

The Camp fee covers eight days of board and lodging—the day of arrival, the 27th day of May, the day of departure, the 3rd day of June, and the six days of actual Camp activities.

Many people already understand that a large portion of the fees is required for the necessary improvements that are constantly being made at our Camp grounds. From the Camp fee there is also paid a substantial sum necessary for interest and sinking fund on our land indebtedness.

There will be a special Children's Section set a little apart so as not to disturb the rest of the Camp. Mothers will naturally wish to sleep with their little ones at this Section.

Those unable to obtain information from their own railroad offices at home as to the most convenient way of reaching Ojai may communicate with Mr. C. H. Wagoner, 1255 Bonnie View Ave., Lakewood, Ohio; or Mr. S. W. Williams, 1349 Douglas St., Los Angeles, Calif. Mr. Wagoner will also gladly answer all questions relating to the special train arrangements from the central and eastern districts.

The Star Office, 2123 Beachwood Drive, Hollywood, Calif., will also be glad to give travel-information to those inquiring.

When baggage is sent ahead, each article should be very plainly marked with the sender's name and address, and the package consigned to the Ojai Camp, Ojai, California. A moderate charge will be made in each case for the transfer of packages from station to Camp.

FACILITIES:

Arrangements will be made to cash Bankers', Travelers' Checks, or Post Office money orders at the Camp. Arrangements will be made with the local Bank as to foreign exchange.

There will be a mail delivery at the Camp but people are requested to have as few letters and papers as possible forwarded to them at Ojai during the Camp week. Travel-information will be avail-

able also at the Camp for those desiring it.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS:

It is the aim of the Management that each guest at the Camp be as comfortable as possible. There will be a limited number of single accommodations. Tents for two persons are the standard. A charge of \$5.00 extra will be made for the single tents, and arrangements for these cannot be made after May 1st. Those desiring tents to accommodate three, four, or more should advise us very promptly.

The Management will also appreciate being notified of cases that require special service so that such kindly attention as is needed may be given.

REQUESTS AND REGULATIONS:

You are requested to bring the receipts you have on hand for payments made on registrations. In case of failure to do this it is understood that the records of the Star Camp Treasurer be accepted as correct.

NO ANIMALS:

No animals or pets may be brought to Camp.

ILLNESS:

Persons who are seriously ill or suffering from any infectious disease cannot be admitted to the Camp.

BEFORE AND AFTER CAMP:

Only workers invited by the Camp Management may come before the day of the opening, or stay after the Camp closes. It is not possible to admit others before May 27th, or to permit them to remain after June 3rd.

CAMP SERVICES:

We feel sure that if people know the amount of work which must be done to make the Camp possible, all who have registered will be eager to offer their help and thus to have a share in this splendid service.

LOUIS ZALK, *Camp Manager.*

ESPECIAL NOTICE

It has been decided that this year's Star Camp will be open to non-members also, and these may register in the same manner and at the same rates as members.

There will be a free public lecture on Sunday, June 2nd, at 3 P. M., in the Oak Grove.

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